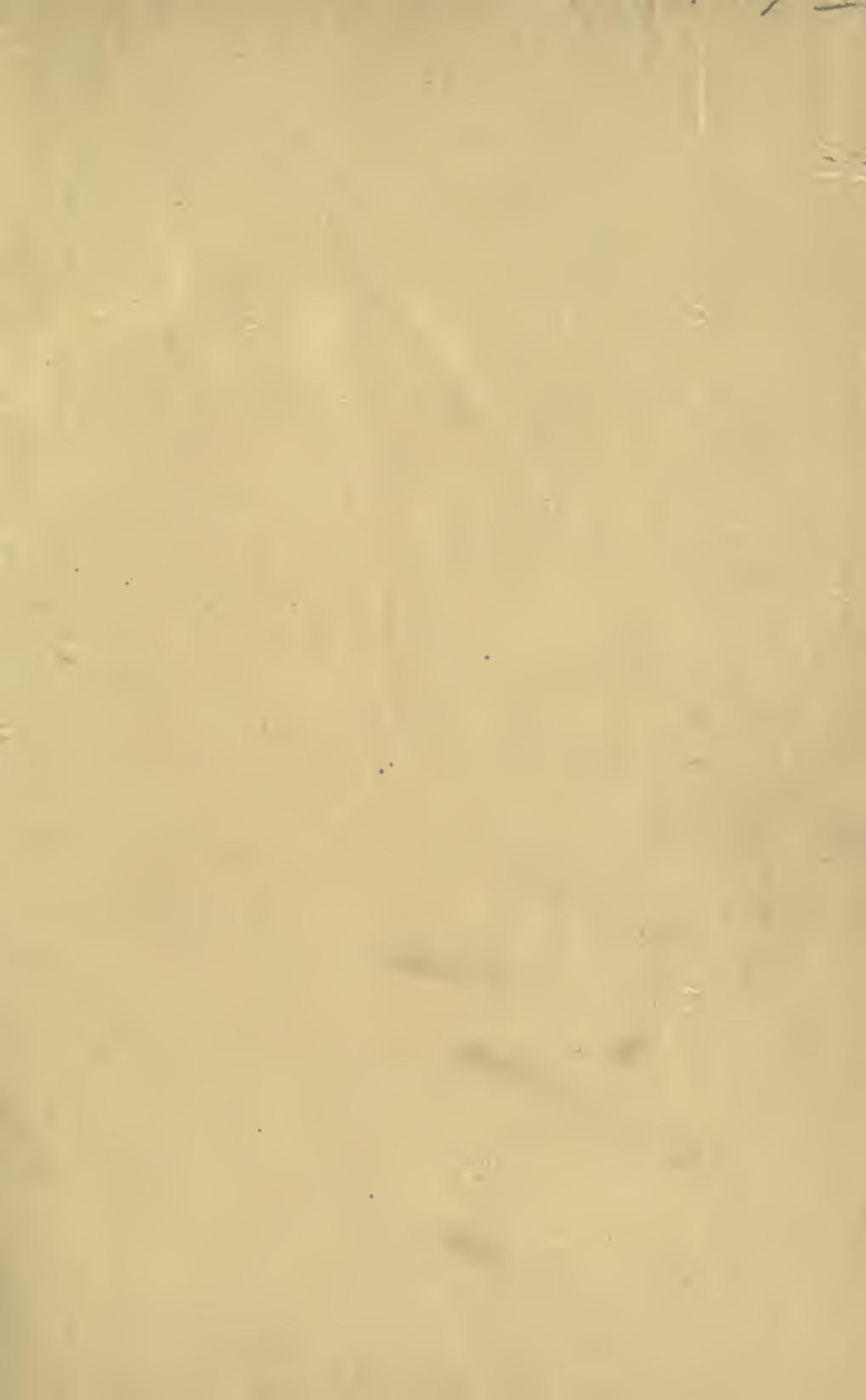
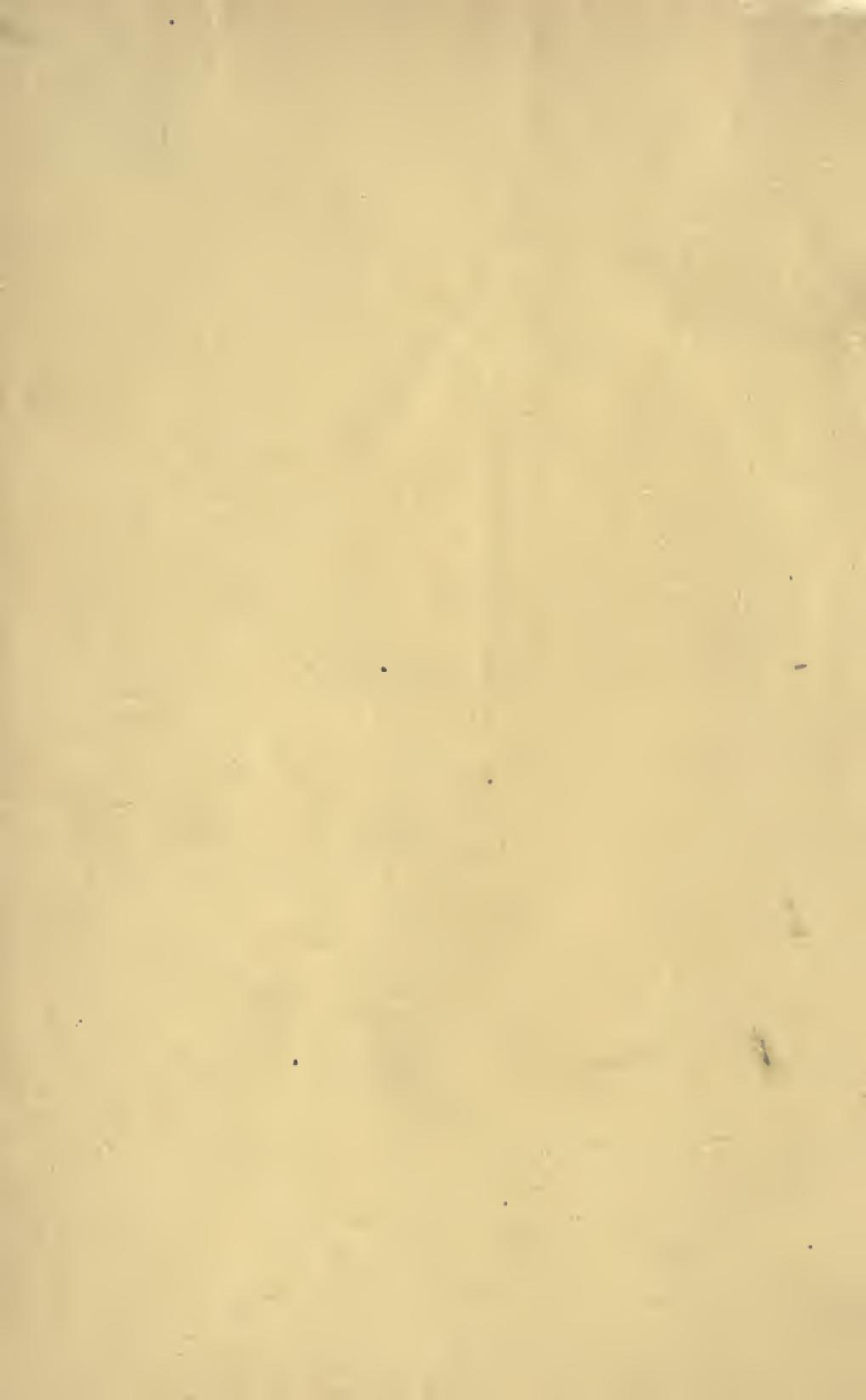


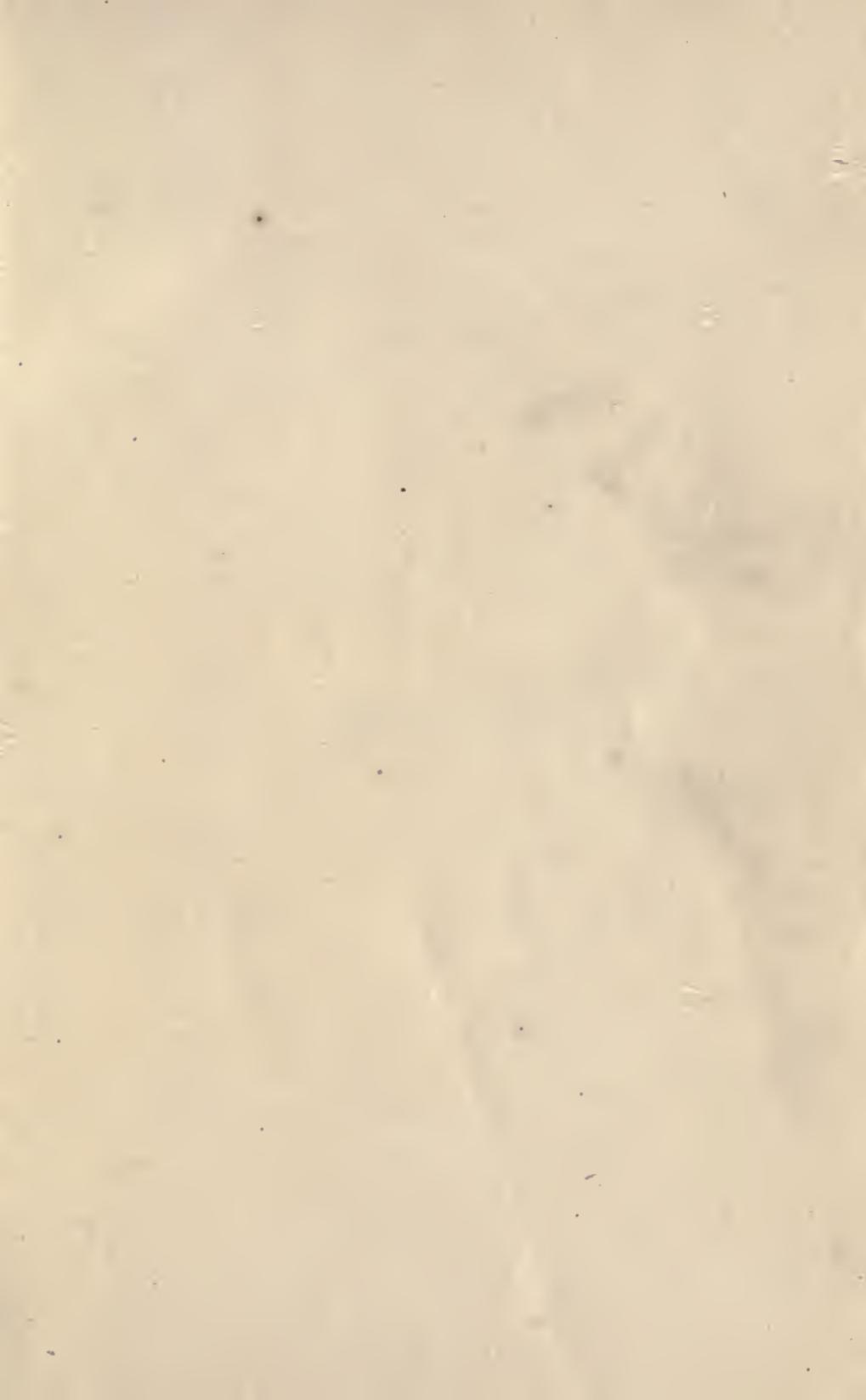


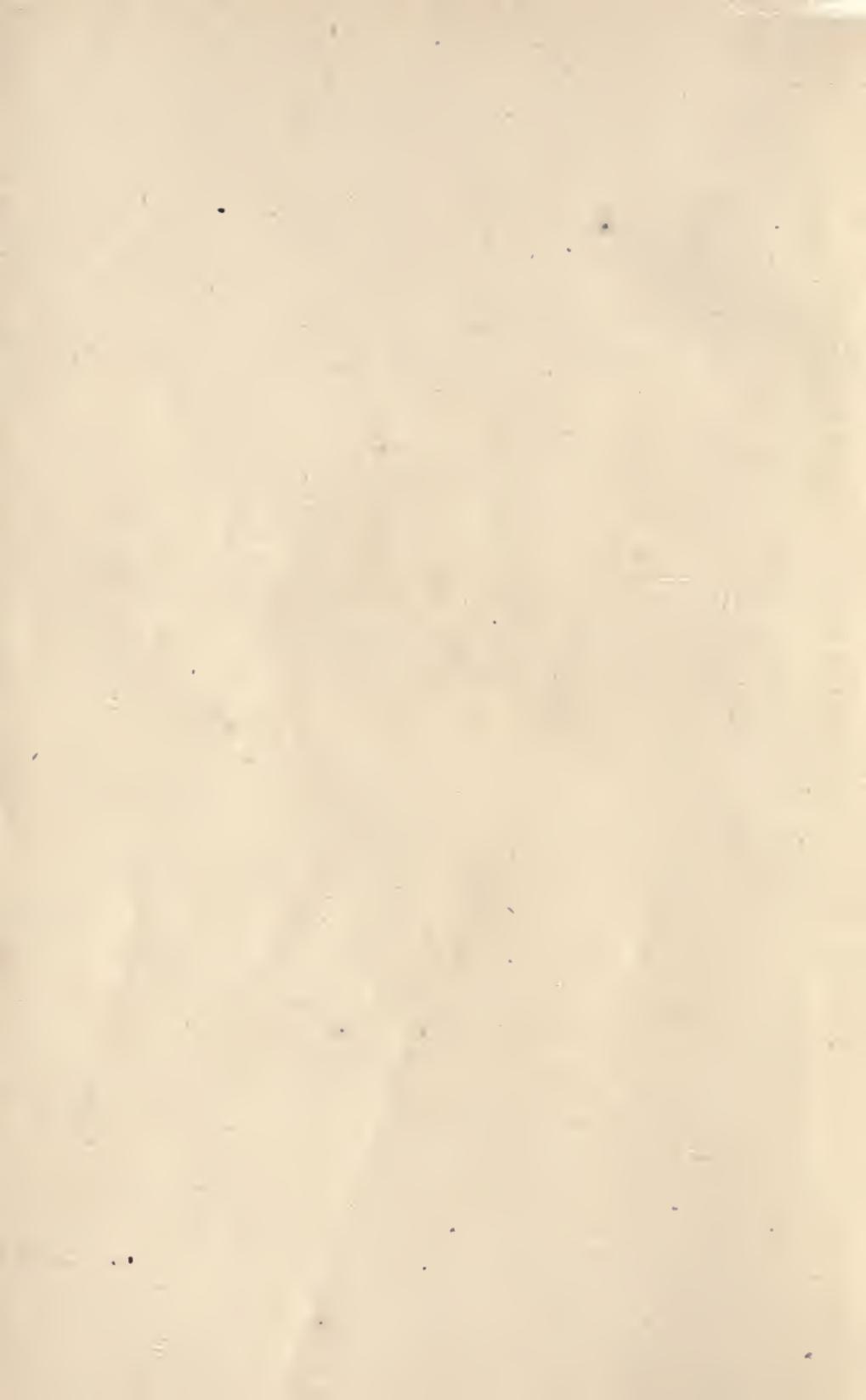
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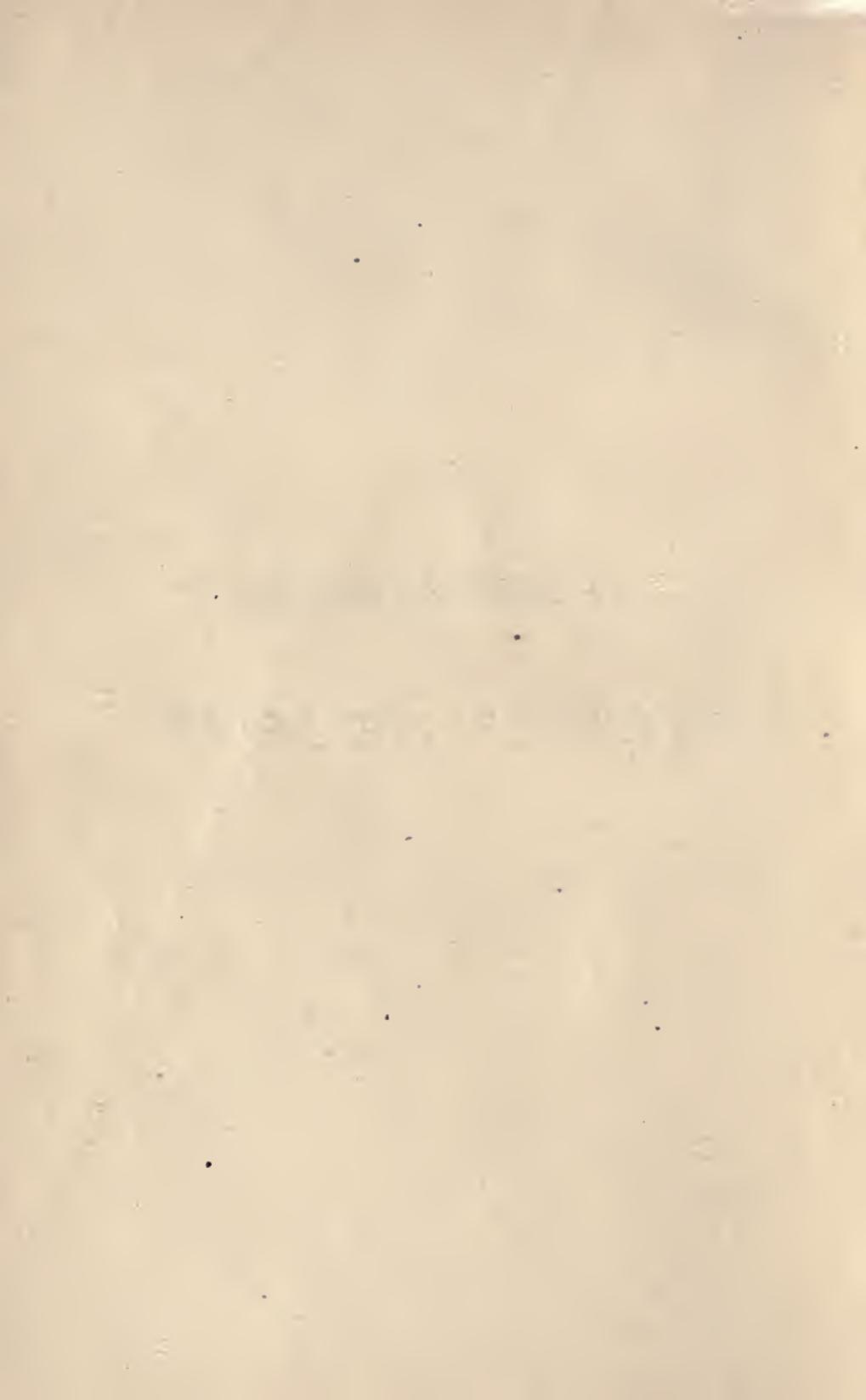








A HOOSIER'S EXPERIENCE
IN
WESTERN EUROPE.



A very faint, large watermark-like image of a classical building with four columns and a triangular pediment occupies the background of the page.

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Yours truly

John S. Bender

A HOOSIER'S EXPERIENCE

IN

WESTERN EUROPE,

WITH

NOTES ON THE WAY.

BY

JOHN S. BENDER.

ILLUSTRATED.

PLYMOUTH, IND.:

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1880.

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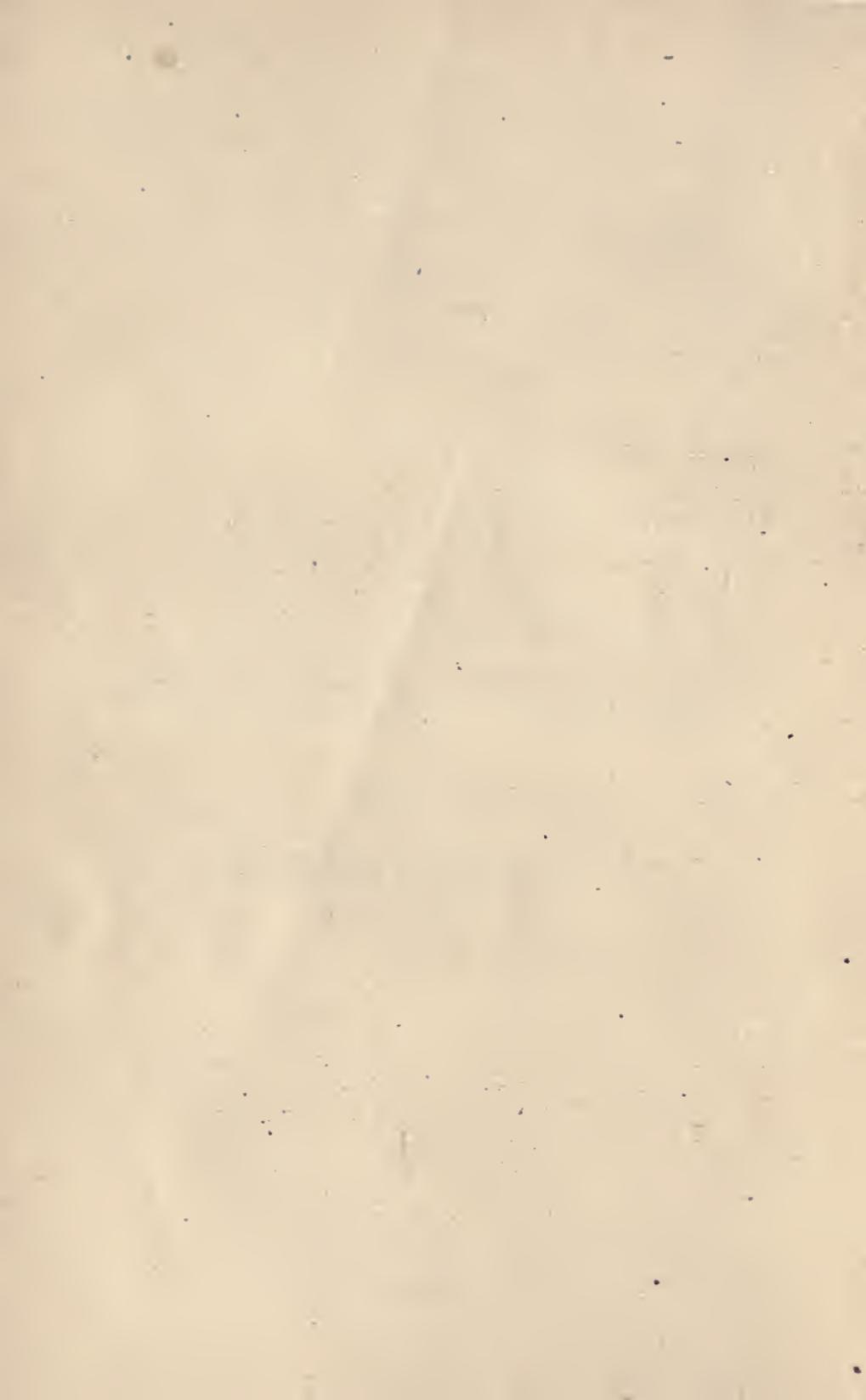
Ex-Vice-President of the U. S. of America,

WHOSE

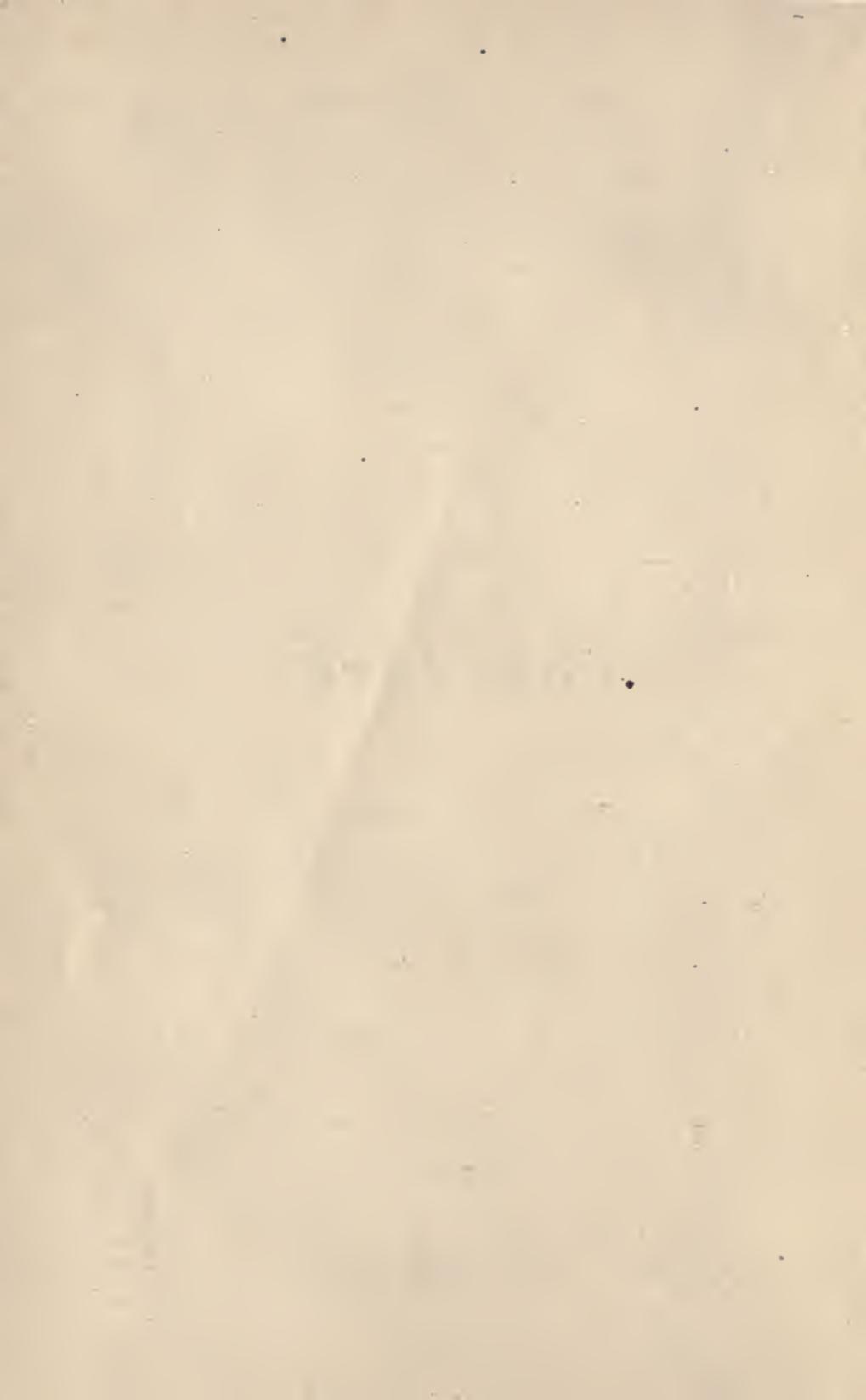
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LABORS WERE ALWAYS PERFORMED
WITH REFERENCE TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE
PEOPLE,

This Book

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.



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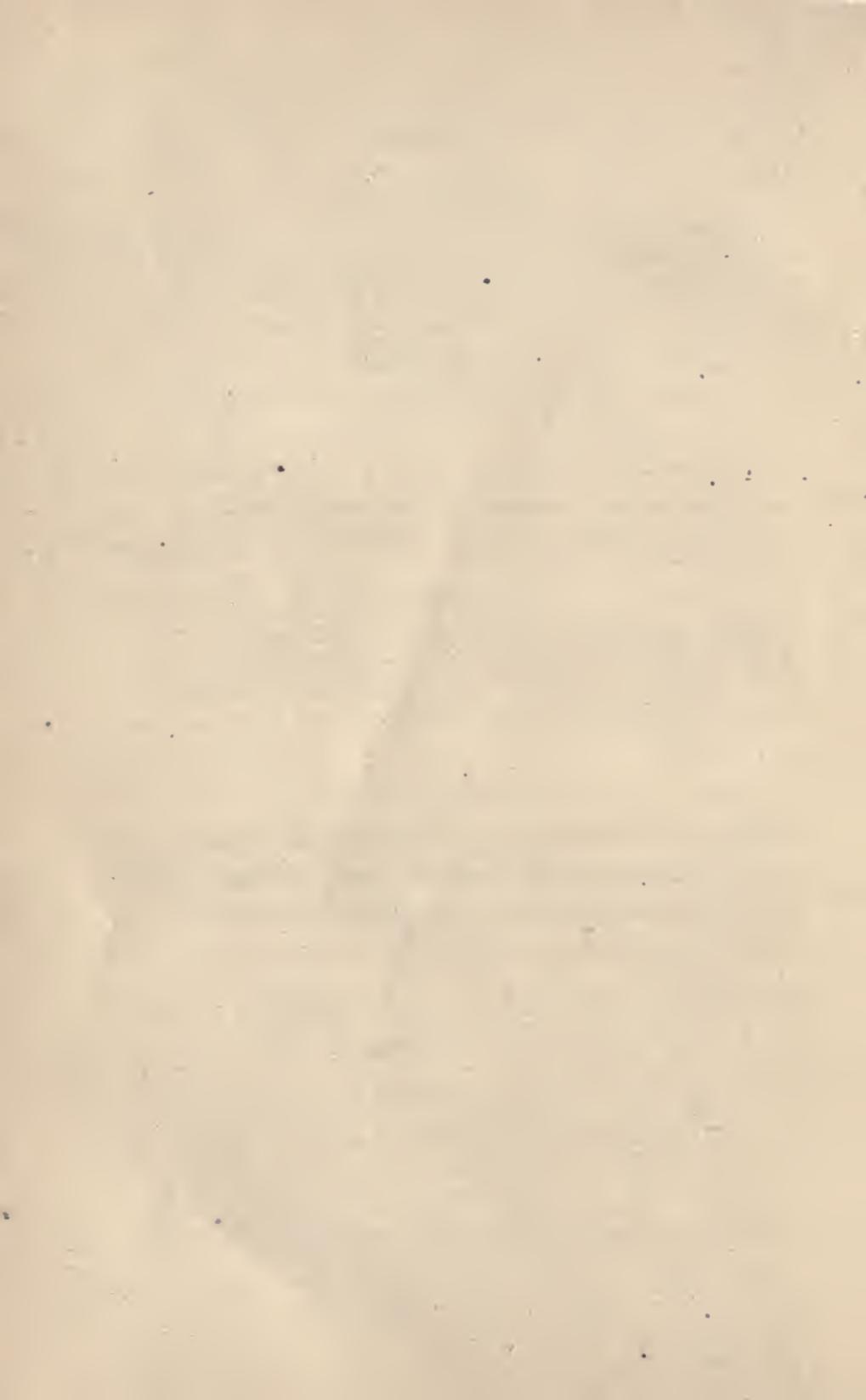
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P R E F A C E .

BEING aware of the fact that many Americans of eminent literary and scientific attainments visit Europe for the purpose of adding to literature and science, whose productions teem with observations and critical details on the places of antiquity, works of art, manners and customs of the people of England, Ireland, and France, the writer had not intended that any of his jottings or rambling notes should ever appear in book form. On returning from the Old World, as most Americans desire to do after an absence of a few months, a letter appeared in the Marshall County *Republican* giving a description of a mid-winter voyage from Liverpool to New York. The ocean leaf of the book of most travelers being blank, the letter referred to called forth some encomiums from our home county press, with a suggestion that the same be published in book form. It was after this that the author collected such notes, as he had penciled on the way

for the present little volume. And to show that because the ocean is rough, it by no means always happens that the passengers are gloomy—rather the reverse; to furnish some information, perhaps, and amusement to the reader (particularly those who may wish to make a similar trip), the request of a few personal friends, and to fill up the blank leaf on the ocean, form my only apology for offering it for publication now.

AUTHOR.

NOTE.—In the preparation of this work for the press, we acknowledge our obligations to MR. MILTON GUNCKEL, of Dayton, Ohio.

LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

UNITED STATES SENATE CHAMBER,
WASHINGTON, June 11th, 1874.

HON. ROBERT C. SCHENCK, *U. S. Minister to Great Britain:*

DEAR SIR: The bearer of this, John S. Bender, Esq., now of Plymouth, Indiana, is a respectable citizen and attorney-at-law, who contemplates visiting Europe this summer, taking London in his route.

We will be thankful for any official attention you can give him. His visit, we understand, is one of pleasure and recreation, and not of business.

Yours respectfully,

D. D. PRATT,
O. P. MORTON.

LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

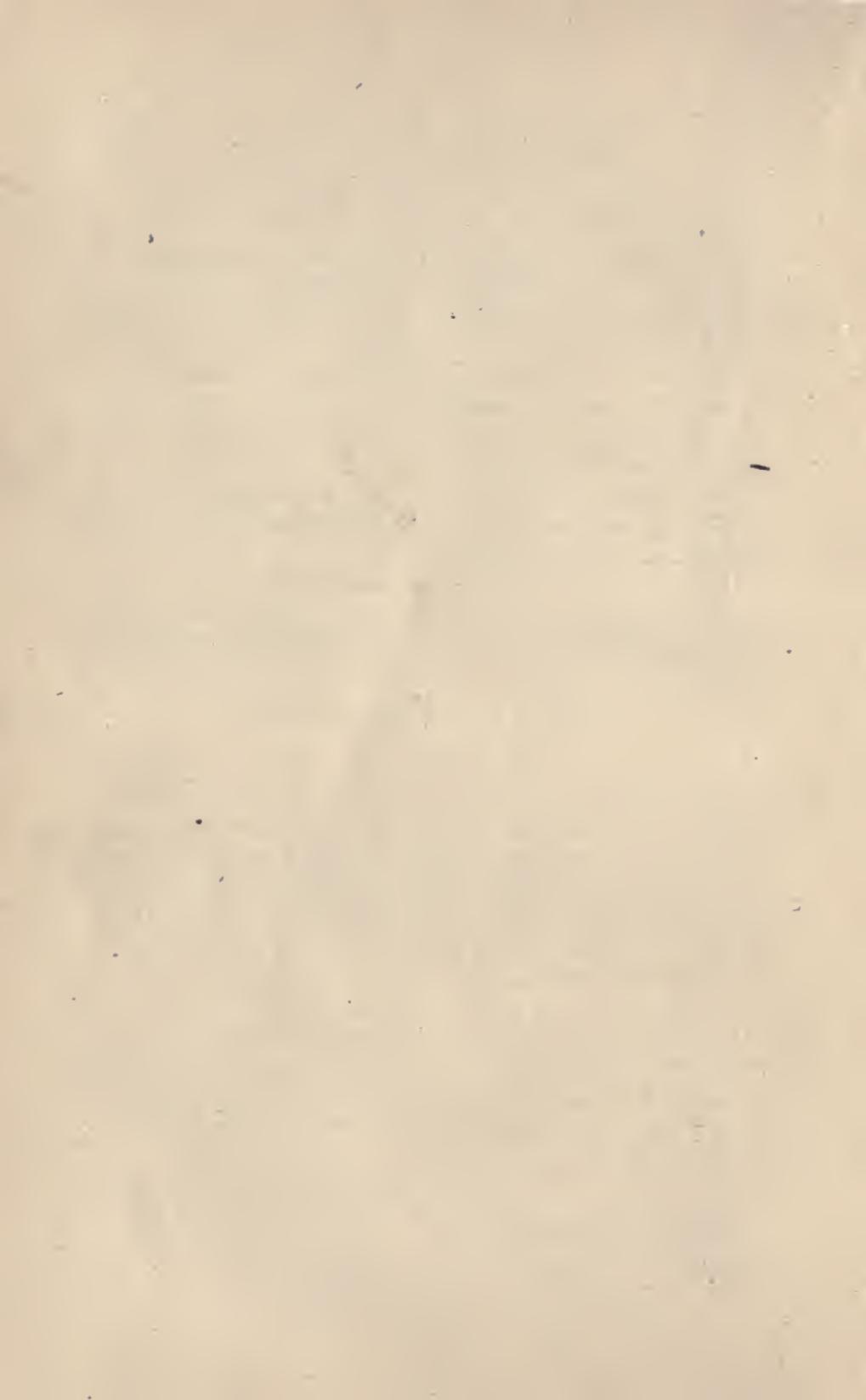
SOUTH BEND, IND., June 13th, 1874.

MY DEAR MR. BENDER: I congratulate you on the delightful and invigorating European tour before you, and wish for you favoring breezes and sunny skies as you cross the ocean. If I can ever get through the invitations to speak all over the country, and have a few months I can call my own, Mrs. C. and I will follow in your footsteps, that we, too, may have a few glimpses of the Old World. If, in your sojournings and travels, you should find any official or citizen, who knows me, and who would value a letter of introduction from a private citizen, as I am now, and intend to be, please use this as such letter, commanding to their confidence and regard one whom I know to be so worthy.

Very truly yours,

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

JOHN S. BENDER, ESQ.



GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS IN REGARD TO PASSPORTS.

As furnished to me by the Department.

CITIZENS of the United States visiting foreign countries are liable to serious inconvenience if unprovided with authentic proof of their national character. The best safeguard is a passport from this Department, certifying the bearer to be a citizen of the United States. Passports are issued only to citizens of the United States upon application supported by proof of citizenship. Citizenship is acquired by nativity, by naturalization, and by annexation of territory. An alien woman who marries a citizen of the United States thereby becomes a citizen. Minor children, resident in the United States, become citizens by the naturalization of their father. The oath of allegiance to the United States, as prescribed by law, will be required in all cases where a renewal is required of a passport issued prior to the year 1861.

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In an application for the renewal of a passport the original need not be returned ; a reference to its date and number will be sufficient.

When the applicant is a native citizen of the United States, he must transmit an affidavit of this fact, signed by him, stating his age and place of birth, and sworn to by himself, and one other citizen of the United States named therein, to whom he is personally known and to the best of whose knowledge and belief the declaration made by him is true. This affidavit must be attested by a Notary Public, under his signature and seal of office. When there is no notary in the place, the affidavit may be made before a Justice of the Peace, or other officer authorized to administer oaths, but if he has no seal his official act must be authenticated by a certificate of the Court. If the applicant be a naturalized citizen, his application for a passport must be accompanied by a certified copy of the record of naturalization (commonly called Certificate of Naturalization) from the Court in which the naturalization was granted, and he must state under oath that he is the identical person described in the certificate presented.

The wife or widow of a naturalized citizen,

must transmit a certificate of the record of her husband's naturalization, stating under oath that she is such wife or widow.

The children of a naturalized citizen must transmit a certificate of the record of the father's naturalization, stating under oath, that they are such children, and were minors at the time of such naturalization.

The application should be accompanied by a description of the person, stating the following particulars, viz:

Age, — years; stature, — feet — inches (English measure); forehead, — ; eyes, — ; nose, — ; mouth, — ; chin, — ; hair, — ; complexion, — ; face, — .

When the applicant is to be accompanied by his wife, minor children, or servants, it will be sufficient to state the names and ages of such persons, and their relationship to the applicant.

A woman's passport may also include her minor children and servants.

The oath of allegiance to the United States, as prescribed by law, will be required in all cases.

When husband, wife, minor children, and servants, expect to travel together, a single passport for the whole will suffice. For any other per-

22 INSTRUCTIONS IN REGARD TO PASSPORTS.

son in the party a separate passport will be required.

A new passport will be expected to be taken out by every person, whenever he or she may leave the United States, and every passport must be renewed, either at this Department or at a Legation or Consulate abroad, within two years from its date.

Certificates of citizenship or passports issued by State authorities, or by Judicial or Municipal functionaries of the United States, are not recognized by the officers of Foreign Governments; and by the twenty-third section of the Act of Congress, approved on the 18th of August, 1856, it is made penal for such authorities and functionaries to issue such passports.

In issuing passports to naturalized citizens, the Department will be guided by naturalization certificates, and the signature to the application and oath of allegiance should conform in orthography to that in the naturalization paper.

Military service does not of itself confer citizenship. A person of alien birth who has been honorably discharged from military service in the United States, but who has not been naturalized, should not transmit his discharge paper in

application for a passport, but should apply to the proper Court for admission to citizenship, and transmit a certified copy of the record of such admission.

A person abroad, but whose father was a native citizen of the United States, must state, under oath, that his father was born in the United States, and was a citizen thereof at the time of the applicant's birth. This affidavit must be supported by that of one other citizen acquainted with the facts.

Passports may be issued by the Diplomatic representatives of the United States in foreign countries. The Minister is required to charge a fee of five dollars, for each passport issued from his legation. No fee is charged for passports issued by the Secretary of State.

To persons wishing to obtain passports for themselves, blank forms of application will be furnished by this Department on request; stating whether the applicant be a native or naturalized citizen. Forms are not furnished, except as samples, to those who make a business of procuring passports.

Communications should be addressed to the Department of State, indorsed "Passport Bureau,"

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and each communication should give the Post-office address of the person to whom the answer is to be directed.

Professional titles will not be inserted in passports.

Passports can not be issued to aliens who have only declared their intention to become citizens.

FORM OF PASSPORT.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME
GREETING:

I, the undersigned, Secretary of State of the United States of America,

DESCRIPTION.

Age, 47 years.

*Stature, 5 ft. 7 in.
(English).*

Forehead, high.

Eyes, blue.

Nose, Grecian.

Mouth, medium.

Chin, round.

Hair, light brown.

Complexion, fair.

Face, broad.

Signature of the
Bearer,

JOHN S. BENDER.

hereby request all whom it may concern, to permit safely and freely to pass,

JOHN S. BENDER,

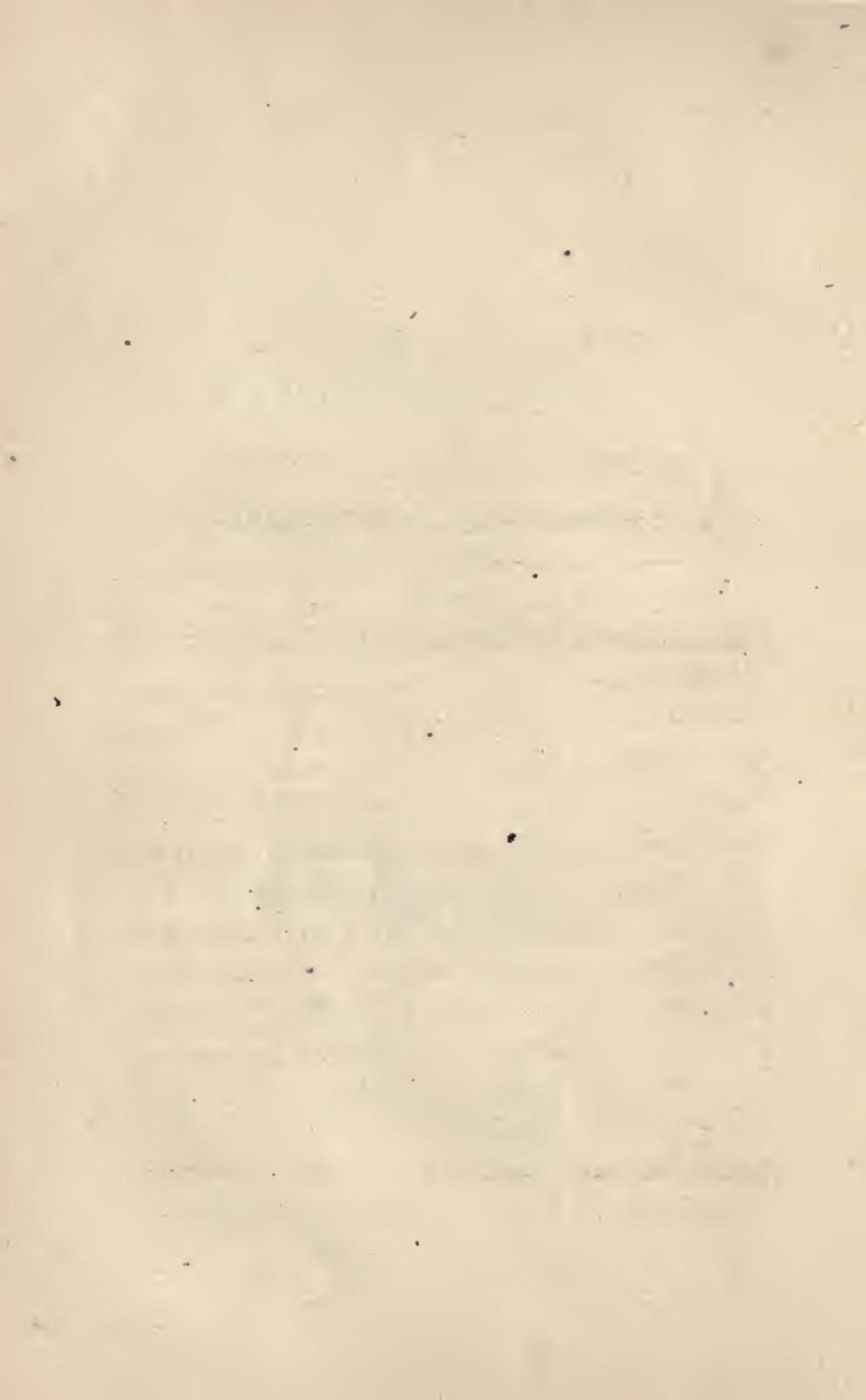
a citizen of the UNITED STATES, and in case of need to give him all lawful Aid and Protection.

Given under my hand and the impression of the Seal of the Department of State at the City of Washington, the 7th day of May, A.D. 1874, in the 98th year of the Independence of the United States.

No. 38,868.

[L.S.]

HAMILTON FISH.



INTRODUCTION.

A S observation forms one of the principal channels through which knowledge is obtained, and as the most practical information is acquired by a personal view of the work of the ancient and medieval ages, from early life it was a chief desire with me, intensified by increasing years, to visit the Eastern Hemisphere. Strange as it may seem, as the desires increased the opportunities diminished, so that in the beginning of the year 1874 all probabilities that I should ever see anything beyond the Atlantic, had been obliterated. During these years of sanguine expectation, it had also been a conjecture that a party excursion trip would be, above all others, the most interesting, and perhaps the most instructive. To be in a jolly company (with all my early notions of piety sticking to me), was always agreeable—and I am not a convert yet to the stoical faith. I never could see wherein extreme

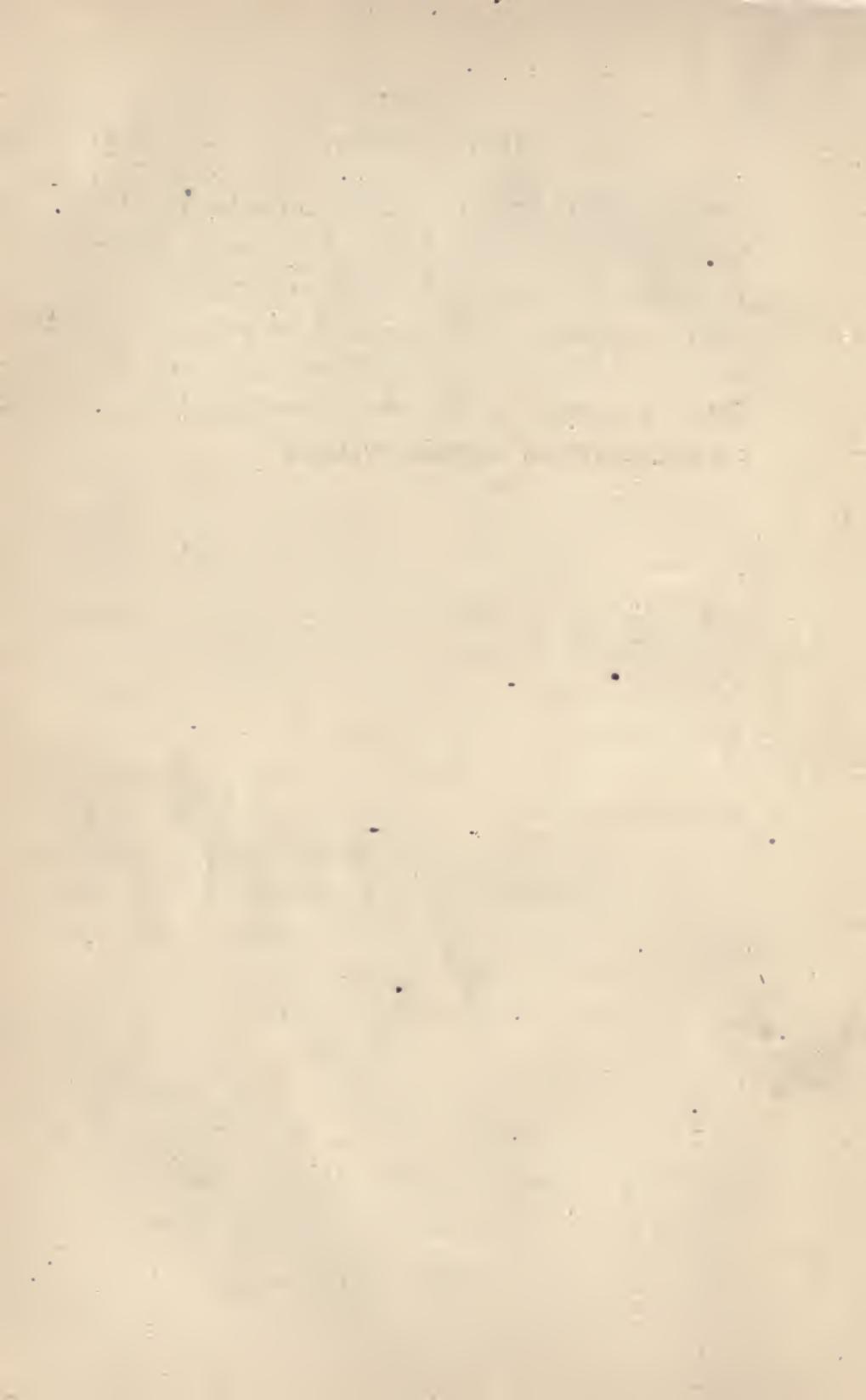
dignity and gravity were either conducive to health or good morals. But as human plans are scarcely ever carried out according to the original design; so in this it was not my good fortune to be possessed of excellent health, nor permitted to make the trip with an excursion party. In the early part of 1874 the writer became afflicted with a nervous disease, which threatened to become troublesome to manage, whereupon a change of climate was recommended. Then I began to think seriously of abandoning business and making speedy preparations for a European trip. To this end a passport from Secretary Fish and letters of introduction from ex-Vice-President Colfax, and Senators Morton and Pratt, were procured, all of which we have included herewith.* Having now obtained the necessary means of protection abroad, I considered myself ready; but business interests and circumstances interfered, and the journey was abandoned. My malady having increased, I visited Cleveland for temporary relief in August of the same year, and after spending one month at DR. SEELEY'S WATER

* Since writing the above, Senators Morton and Pratt have deceased, much lamented, their deaths being viewed as a national calamity.

CURE, returned by way of the lakes, somewhat improved, to our humble home in Plymouth, Indiana, where I again entered upon the duties of my profession. Soon feeling, however, that an absolute change of climate was necessary to a recovery, on the 9th day of November, being provided with additional letters of introduction, I boarded the cars on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, at Plymouth, Indiana, for my journey. Although I did not use either passport or letters of introduction while abroad, I am as much obliged and feel under the same obligations to those generous statesmen who tendered their kindness ; and acknowledge that I owe them the same lasting debt of gratitude, as though they had been of invaluable service to me. No one visiting a foreign country should ever do so without a passport. The letters of introduction are not wholly indispensable. Hence, for the benefit of those who might wish to visit Europe, that may read this book, I have taken the liberty, without special permission, to insert instructions for obtaining passports, together with a copy of the passport and letters of introduction. The succeeding chapters are the result of the trip ; and if not as carefully prepared as if the writer had in-

tended them in the beginning for publication, the reader can have the assurance that, without any attempt to draw on the imagination, they are the simple narrative of incidents, knowledge, and experience derived from actual observation. The chapter containing the little misunderstanding with the agents of the Cunard Line at Bowling Green, New York, might not be thought appropriate for publication, and it would be more consistent with the feelings of the writer not to insert it; but as it has been the aim to give incidents and experience on the shady as well as the sunny side, and as the officers and men managing the ship were of the highest character and dignity, I shall give the incident and then praise the bridge that carried me safely over. If I have not given to the reader such a book as I desire, upon the whole, I console myself with the idea that there are none who may peruse these pages, who would not be better qualified afterward to enter upon a similar journey than the writer was at the commencement of his; and should the reader never have the opportunity of seeing beyond the Atlantic, we trust there will be enough matter of information contained herein, to be an equivalent for the money paid and the time expended in

reading the same. The chapter containing the notes of popular and antiquated places visited we have no apology to offer for, as it contains the facts noted down at the time from personal observation. The chapter on the manners, customs, habits, and tastes of the people, are but the logical deductions of our observations.



CHAPTER I.

FROM PLYMOUTH, INDIANA, TO NEW YORK—A FEW HOURS AT FORT WAYNE—MR. LAUFFERTY, CUNARD AGENT AT FORT WAYNE—THE PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE, AND CHICAGO RAILROAD—THE PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.

THE taking leave did not prove a more serious matter than it would have been thirty years ago when one set out to go from Philadelphia to Chicago. A general good-bye, and nod of the head, the car whistle, and the journey was commenced. After a few hours of pleasant riding over the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railroad, the city of Fort Wayne, Indiana, was reached. I stepped off to see a brother and his wife who reside there. Passing down the street I observed a large sign, giving notice to the traveling public that tickets could be purchased there for a passage on almost any line of ocean steamers. And as a guarantee of the good faith of the official, he gave his name, J. Laufferty, agent, Not having purchased my ticket, and being un-

accustomed to ocean travel, I visited this office to get some information as to the departure of steamers and the price of tickets, and learned that the *Russia* was to leave the Cunard dock on the following Saturday, and that I could procure a ticket from New York to Liverpool and return, first cabin, on the Cunard line, for one hundred and sixty dollars, and on any of the others for one hundred and fifty dollars in gold. Having obtained this information, I thanked the agent and was about to take my leave when he suggested that I had better purchase a ticket. I informed him that I would prefer to purchase in New York as I did not want any interruption, and further remarked that I wished to purchase my ticket where I could procure my letter of credit. The agent assured me that he could sell a round first-cabin ticket as cheaply as they could sell me one in New York, and that I would have no trouble with it; and at the same time could sell me a bill of exchange on the Hamburg Bank in London that would answer the purpose as well as a letter of credit. I told him then and there, if he would inform me how a stranger in a strange city could identify himself, so as to receive the money on a draft in London, I would

negotiate with him. He would not inform me how this was to be done, but replied, "All you will be required to do is to present your check at the bank, and it will be promptly paid ;" and if I had any trouble, "On your return I will pay all charges."

Knowing Mr. Laufferty to be a responsible, as well as a man otherwise reliable, with this assurance I purchased my ticket for a first-class cabin voyage *via.* the Cunard line—that being my choice—for a round trip from New York *via.* Liverpool and London to Paris and return, with an agreement that I was to take the first steamer that sailed from New York. The generous agent also tendered me a letter of introduction to Mr. Francklyn, the general agent of the line at New York. Being thus provided for, I took tea with my brother and his wife, and in good spirits immediately after took the train and continued my journey. As it was night, I availed myself of one of Pullman's sleeping-cars; and as the smooth movement of the car convinced me that the road-bed was in excellent order, I took possession of my bunk and remained in peaceful slumber until the gong rang for breakfast at Alliance, Ohio, after which, I was left unmolested

to view the scenery along the line until night overtook me at Altoona, Penn.

The mountain scenery from Pittsburgh to Harrisburg will pay any one for the money and time expended on a trip through the country between those cities.

From Altoona to Newark, New Jersey, the scenery was lost to me in the darkness; but my trip over the Pennsylvania Central and Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago railways was pleasant indeed, as I had nothing to do but eat, drink, and view the scenery. A short time after leaving Newark, on Thursday morning, November 12th, I reached the ferry at Jersey City, and was soon in New York City.

Before reaching the ferry, an agent of what purported to be the New York Transfer Coaches, came aboard and sold me a ticket for fifty cents, which was to take me to my hotel. As I stepped ashore I looked anxiously for the medium of transfer, but no coach was to be seen. This swindling agent deceived me, and if he ever comes to my town I will cheerfully give him fifty cents more for having the privilege of telling him of it. I hired a private conveyance, and was soon at Crook's Hotel (European), where I

was kindly received, and found excellent fare. Having taken a short rest, my next duty, as well as pleasure, was to visit the agents of the steamship line, get my ticket recognized, engage a state-room, find out when the ship sailed, and then occupy the remainder of the time in viewing some of the features of the great metropolis ; the result of which will be found in the following chapter.

CHAPTER II.

NEW YORK—A SPAT WITH THE CUNARD AGENTS.

IT was one of the conditions of my contract with the agent at Fort Wayne that I should call at the Cunard passenger office, then No. 4 Bowling Green, at the foot of Broadway, and present the ticket there to the agent, who, I was informed, would readily take up the Fort Wayne ticket, issue a new one, and assign me a berth in the first steamer to sail. This I wished done before any pleasure or sight-seeing in the city should occupy the mind. To this end I called at No. 4 Bowling Green, a building rendered somewhat memorable by its having been the place where George Washington had his headquarters at one time during the Revolutionary war, and also from the fact that some of the knobs belonging to the iron pickets of its ancient railing were broken off and used as cannon-balls against the British fleet, which was attempting a landing on the shore below. The headless pickets were yet standing there as a memorial of this remarkable

recourse by our revolutionary fathers. Well, after satisfying myself that the historian had made no mistake as to the pickets, I walked into the office, where I found a young clerk dressed with great neatness, and as dignified as young Barnacle in Dickens' Circumlocution Office. He was alone, and I inquired if he attended to the ticket office.

He replied : "The steamship *Russia* sails next Wednesday, fare one hundred and thirty dollars in gold, from New York to Liverpool."

"But I am not come to inquire about the price of tickets, only to arrange for a passage and have a berth assigned me," at the same time exhibiting my ticket purchased in Fort Wayne.

To this he replied : "I know nothing about it ; you will have to wait until the agent comes."

I then inquired if Mr. Francklyn would soon be in, and informed him that I had a letter of introduction to him from their agent at Fort Wayne. I then received the highly gratifying intelligence that Mr. Francklyn was not in the city, and would, perhaps, not return until after the steamer left port.

Said I : "Is there any person here representing Mr. Francklyn ? "

He said: "No."

"Will any one soon be here that can attend to the arrangement of passes and assignment of berths?"

To which I received the answer that "Tomorrow morning, if you will come down, there will be some one here who will attend to that."

"Can I get information from any source as to where Mr. Francklyn is, and when he will return?"

Young Barnacle replied: "May be they can tell you over at the steerage office."

After this very unsatisfactory interview I returned to my hotel, and occupied the remainder of the day in viewing the city. Next morning I repeated my visit to the lower end of Broadway, which is about one mile from the hotel, first calling at the steerage office, where I found a man evidently possessing a good degree of physical strength, but whose time was so much occupied that he seemed unable to speak or even look at any one visiting the office,

After waiting fifteen minutes for an opportunity I finally ventured to inquire if Mr. Francklyn was in? and was answered in an uncouth, gruff manner, as follows:

"Mr. Francklyn has men here to attend to his business."

Said I: "I have a letter of introduction to Mr. Francklyn, and would be happy to see the gentleman."

Said he: "You can not see him."

I then inquired: "Is Mr. Francklyn a man that can not be seen?"

To which he replied: "I don't know as he can be seen."

I immediately proceeded with a quick but firm step to the passenger office. A new man is in the office in addition to the dapper fellow of the day before. This new man must have been somewhat higher in his profession, as he had the happy faculty of putting it far beyond the power of the most vivid human imagination to invent even a suspicion of what the result of an inquiry from him would be.

Said I to him: "I have purchased a ticket from your agent at Fort Wayne, Indiana, for a first-cabin passage from New York to Paris and return *via* Liverpool and London, on the first boat that sails on your line, and it is made a part of the conditions, as well as my duty, that I appear at this office, surrender this ticket and

obtain a pass and assignment of berth from you. Are you authorized to transact this business?"

"Let me see your ticket," said he.

I handed him the ticket and he passed out of the room, leaving me to meditate something over an hour, and when he returned he replied:

"We can not send you on this ticket."

Not feeling in the very best of humor, after having been compelled to wait in suspense long enough for a boat to get far on her way to Liverpool, this very direct answer to my question had the effect to increase the arterial circulation tending toward my brain, and prompted the following rejoinder:

"Do you take me for a knave? Do you think I am one of the Kansas murderers or some mountebank, that I should receive such treatment? I purchased this ticket from your agent at Fort Wayne, Ind., in good faith; at his request, paid the money for it, all he required, and paid more for it than was required for any other line, and why now should I be subjected to this rebuff?"

Said he, "I will send you to Boston to sail on the China."

I informed the agent that I had come "to embark at New York, to that end had purchased

my ticket, and that if I now took passage on their line it must be from New York."

He then informed me that the "agent at Fort Wayne had no authority to issue any such ticket ; that he had exceeded his bounds, and hence, they were under no obligations to pass me on it; but we will refund your money."

I informed him that I would "neither go to Boston nor accept the money ; that I had acted in good faith, had came there to embark, and if they did not give me a full first-cabin passage, without interruption, I should walk over to the Guion office, purchase a similar ticket for \$150, and for my interruption and delay, attend to my interest fully on my return."

Said he, "I do not fully represent Mr. Francklyn, and prefer you would come down to-morrow morning, and if Francklyn is not in, there will be a man here who will fully represent him?"

I informed the agent that I had been to considerable trouble which they had made for me, and that if they wished to see me again, unless they did now grant me a full pass, they might call at my room at the hotel."

He then desired my ticket, and I informed him

that "it was all I had to show what I had paid, and shall hold on to it."

Said he, "I will pay your money back."

His having recognized the agent at Fort Wayne and his authority to issue it, by promising to send me to Boston to sail on the China, and by offering to refund the money, convinced me that if there was anything wrong it was not my fault, and that I had sufficient grounds to compel the company to carry me as a passenger, according to the contract. With this kind of solace I returned toward my hotel, and observing a lawyer's sign not far from the new Post-Office building, stepped into the office, showed him my ticket, and asked him if that was good to secure a passage to Paris and return. He informed me that it was a good contract for that purpose. After informing him that the Company's agent had declined to pass me, he said that he would go with me to him, and thought that a few words from him would at once convince the agent that he must pass me. Contrary, therefore, to my intentions, I returned with the lawyer, who addressed the important functionary in mild, but persuasive language, thus:

"It will be to the Company's interest to pass Mr. B——, as per contract."

The agent, with the gravity of a bishop and dignity of a judge, heard the lawyer through, I being an observer; and then with the expression of a military commander-in-chief, just about to give command to march into battle, remarked: "When we want your counsel we will call on you."

I then informed the attorney that we would leave them, and if they wanted hereafter to see me, I had given directions where to call. The steamer man then said:

"If you will call here to-morrow morning at nine o'clock there will be a man in who fully represents Mr. Francklyn, and, perhaps, he will arrange the matter satisfactorily."

With this assurance, and some suspense, I returned to my hotel, to reflect that oftentimes innocence, if no claim is made for integrity, is but slightly appreciated. Saturday morning a letter was handed me from Mr. Laufferty, informing me of the fact that he had received word of the trouble, and cautioning me "to stand firm and demand my rights; that he had sold me the ticket in good faith, that I had paid him for it, and he would see me through at all hazards."

On the receipt of this letter I again returned to the office at Bowling Green, and met a new man, who informed me he had full authority to represent Mr. Francklyn. He, without much hesitation, gave me the requisite pass, and assigned me berth 144, and further informed me that the *Russia* would sail on the Wednesday following. Thus ended an altercation that seemed likely, at one time, to cause me serious difficulty, and stamped indelibly on the writer's mind the fact, that there could be no landsmen employed by a line of steamers, whose demeanor was scarcely in accordance with the well-known and excellent promptness and accommodations of the steamers themselves. This affair caused Mr. Laufferty to resign his agency at Fort Wayne.

CHAPTER III.

NEW YORK CITY—CENTRAL PARK—FIVE POINTS
—BROOKLYN — PLYMOUTH CHURCH — HENRY
WARD BEECHER.

AFTER our "spat" with the agents, as explained in the preceding chapter, I began only to realize the fact that I was in New York City, and, as a native American, felt proud that there was such a metropolis in the United States. I could not see it all, and what I did see, from want of time and space can not be described here in detail. As might otherwise have been expected, the first impression was not the best. Being somewhat fatigued by my rapid railway journey, I felt that information as to when the steamer would leave port, and some rest, were all that I should require. However, invigorated with a night's repose, on Friday morning I took an hour's drive through Central Park. This is one of the most attractive points for strangers visiting New York, especially at this season of the

year, when business has somewhat relaxed its cares and activity. I will not attempt to give a detailed description of the inclosure within the city; but will say that it contains upwards of eight hundred acres, with beautiful roads, walks, lawns, small lakes, and other features—all at the cost of millions. The museum there will alone pay the visitor for his trouble. A very interesting sight was the swans disporting themselves on the lake. I did not have the privilege of seeing one dying and hear its "last sweet song." Strict order is preserved within the park, and the most unassuming can spend days therein without annoyance. I will not vouch for that in the case of the wholly self-reliant. Indeed, I have never found a place in my life where modesty was more highly appreciated than in New York.

On Saturday, contrary to my usual custom, I rested, and, on Sunday, it was my pleasure to hear the celebrated Brooklyn divine. It was my intention when I left home to sail from New York on Saturday, but either accident or Providence delayed the boat to give me a seat in Plymouth Church and a view of its renowned pastor. Whatever may be said of Mr. Beecher,

one thing is certain, that quite contrary to the common course of events, when men have been assailed with fierce and malicious accusations, he looks well, is in good spirits, and still the most popular preacher in Brooklyn. This may be attributed to the fact that his noble wife clings to him with a devotion unparalleled amidst the thickest of the storm. After service we joined our friends, Mr J. M. Dobbs, and Mr. McEnry, a gentlemanly telegraph operator, and took a view of the new telegraph office, which was then well on toward completion. To say that it is a remarkable building would convey no idea of its cost or magnitude. The part to be occupied by the operators alone is fifty feet above the pavement, and the whole is built of the finest stone and brick, at a cost of over two million dollars. After reaching the room to be occupied by the large force of operators, I declined to go higher, on account of a little unpleasant feeling in my head, and were pointed to the upper stories, which, Mr. McEnry said, tower up one hundred feet more.

In my rambling through the city I did not fail to visit the Five Points, once so noted abroad as a center of vice and uncleanness, but now much

modified by the new charity buildings. Just around the corner, however, up Baxter Street, much of the old condition prevails. Sunday afternoon, with my esteemed friend and cousin, Mr. Dobbs, walked through the region. Our attention was arrested by what appeared to be an unpleasant, if not unhealthy, odor; at the same time my friend, looking upward and around, remarked, "There is Five Points." Having read of the place in history, and seen it in romance, my eyes at once held high carnival. In the neighborhood were old moss-covered, dilapidated walls; large squads of men, boys, and girls, clad in ragged garments, some wild, uncultivated, lying lazily about; some hooting and hallooing; all combined to give the region the appearance of the abode of Tophet. I hardly know what Tophet means, but use the word to express my idea of hideousness. Such is the repulsiveness of the place, that there can be but little vice perpetrated here only by the inmates themselves. Vice to allure must assume a more refined attitude. Here I could only behold degradation undisguised. There is a mystery about this locality that I can not solve, and have failed to find any one who could enlighten me—it is this: Here

are old dilapidated frame buildings in the heart of a great city, that bear the marks of having been erected early in the history of Manhattan Island, and yet there they stand in long rows, in the midst of civilization and wealth, apparently ready to drop into a pile of mold. If those buildings were in Plymouth, the first flash of lightning would set them on fire; or if in Chicago, they would be licked up by the brilliant rays of a noon-day's sun. I do not see why they are permitted to stand there, except as monuments of God's amazing mercy, or to show what New York once was and what it is now. While I stood gazing around, a little boy, haggard and pale, emerged apparently from a sewer, and was accosted by two little, intelligent girls, from the mission-house, perhaps, who gave him words of cheer, and invited him to the Sabbath-school. These were little angels of mercy. The point which once contained the old Brewery, and which rendered the region so notorious, is now the sight of the neat Mission buildings; a monument, I presume, to show that whereas once there had been a prolific source of wickedness, now it dispenses the water of life.

Monday, November 16th, I ferried over to

Jersey City to examine the steamship *Russia*. She is a little less than four hundred feet long, with three decks. I do not know how much is under sea, but the water's edge touched the "25" point on the stern, which indicates, I presume, that many feet. She carries five thousand tons, and is said to be the finest ship in the line. Up to that time she had made her seventy-ninth trip without an accident.

CHAPTER IV.

NEW YORK TO LIVERPOOL—LEAVING THE DOCKS
AT JERSEY CITY — SCENES ON BOARD — THE
FIRST SUPPER—INCIDENTS WHILE CROSSING—
PRESENTING A PURSE TO THE CHIEF STEWARD
—STRANDED.

THE same day, *Monday*, I visited the Publishing-House of S. R. Wells & Co. Though immersed in business, the now lamented proprietor found time to extend the common courtesies. In this rushing business world — where everything is too much adjusted to selfish interests — the faculty of carrying on an extensive business, and at the same time being kind to visitors, is a virtue that, whenever found, should be highly commended. Such I found Mr. Wells* to be, and under his management, assisted by his most

* Before the publication of this book, S. R. Wells died much lamented, especially by those interested in the science he nurtured and loved. The *Journal* is continued under the management of his faithful and bereaved wife.

on board, and the officers and crew active in their preparations for pushing off from shore.

While I was pacing the hurricane-deck, I ran upon a gentleman, Mr. Allaire, who was just consoling himself that when he reached Liverpool, he would have completed a trip around the world, *via*. India, Japan, China, across the Pacific, and the continent of North America to New York. He spoke in friendly terms, and informed me that he had enjoyed his voyage much, aside from a little scare when his steamer was driven ashore on the coast of Japan. While in conversation with this gentleman, another approached me, who from his uniform I took to be an officer of the ship, who said :

“Are you the pilot?”

The difficulty I had with the agents being fresh in my mind at Bowling Green, it instantly occurred to me that he was intending to perpetrate a joke. I therefore replied to him :

“I think you ought to know your own men.”

Here the firing of a cannon, the ringing of a bell and the shrill steam whistle drew my attention, and I observed the noble ship had already left the shore. There was waving of handkerchiefs on board, and it was continued until the ship was

plowing down the bay at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Then the lady passengers, who had been in excellent health and cheer, with an occasional tear trickling down their cheeks, passed from the hurricane-deck into the ladies' cabin, and I saw them no more until supper-time.

Soon the *Russia* was under full headway, moving through the water, followed by a smaller boat, from which there is a continuous cannonading. Anxious to know the meaning of this demonstration, I made inquiry and found it to be a salute in honor of the chief of the Irish Rifle Team, who was returning from the late International Shooting Match. Before sunset we rounded Sandy Hook, and it was scarcely dark when land became invisible; we were "out on the ocean sailing," the weather delightful. Soon the passengers were called to eat their first supper on board. There was a well-filled table, and the passengers had a repast before them which kings might envy. This, together with the sprightly conversation, made up a jolly company.

To my left sat a Mr. Parker, from Porter County, Indiana, who passed a glass of sherry to me. I partook of a small quantity, which had the effect to nauseate, and I now feel as though I

shall never want another glass as long as I live. To me sherry and salt water are incompatibles.

At that table Russia, France, Spain, Switzerland, Buenos Ayres, England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and America were represented. Blennerhasset Leach is the Irishman; Kulakowski is the Russian. There are also on board the president of the Canada Grand Trunk Railroad; two members of Parliament; and a host of reputed millionaires from New York, among whom may be mentioned Mr. Lawrence, and the well-known Marshall O. Roberts. One thing very comforting in meeting these different nationalities, was, they all conversed fluently in the English vernacular.

In the course of the evening Kulakowski gave me a better knowledge of his people and government than I ever had from history. Such associations will render any one less biased and more liberal; at least they produce that effect on myself. The more we meet with a respectable representative of the different nations, the less prejudiced we become.

Supper ended, the company enjoyed the remainder of the evening in agreeable conversation, and speculations as to the probable charac-

ter of the voyage, and then retired, little thinking that would be the last time all should appear at the table on board. The next morning I awoke to find the ship rocking very much, but, as I had passed round the lakes in a storm safely, it occurred to me that the Atlantic did not appear more dangerous than Lake Michigan, and so expressed myself. A gentleman from New York (Mr. Rosenbaum) said:

"I am astonished that you should presume such a thing. This," said he, "is not the beginning of what we must pass through."

I told him I would risk it. At breakfast a number of passengers were missing; the rough sea producing in them a strong dislike for nourishment. The state-rooms of this ship being large and commodious, passengers are not required to appear in the saloon or at table unless it is their wish, and if the sea is rough the inexperienced do not seem much inclined to do so. Friday morning at four o'clock I heard a crash which awoke me. I found the ship rolling in such a disagreeable manner that I became somewhat alarmed. Supposing a heavy sea had fallen upon the hurricane deck and broken into the cabin, and that soon my state-room would be

invaded with water, and that we were going down, incited me to jump up, and as speedily as possible array myself for an appearance near the outlook. On first touching the floor of my room I became thoroughly awakened, for something like a quarter of a pound of tacks were sticking into the bottom of my feet. These were a part of a four-pound paper which had been placed by the steward over the transom of my state-room door, and which the rolling of the ship had pitched into my room with the crash that awoke me. Having extracted all the iron from my feet, I arranged my apparel as well as I could under the circumstances, and groped my way to the hurricane-deck in the dark. On reaching the top of the first stairway, and passing out of the gangway, a sailor happening to see me, cried out:

“Who’s there this time of night?”

Another sailor, passing by, replied: “It’s some fellow hunting for land.”

Now, for the first time in my life, I beheld the Atlantic mad. For the first time I had a full appreciation of the *Euroclydon* spoken of by Saint Paul. Having gratified sublimity with the terrors of the sight, I returned to my state-room to rest until daylight.

In the morning, before breakfast, I stepped outside the barricade to get some sea-water, never having tasted any. Finding it contained as much salt, potash, soda, etc., as it seemed possible for water to hold in solution, I was quite satisfied to return into the gangway. Putting my hands on the barricade, which is about four feet high, and at the same moment jumped, when a heavy sea struck the starboard. The ship careened to an angle of full 45 degrees, and the shock, together with the momentum given by the jump, caused me to fall through the gangway, a distance of 25 feet, knocking one man down, nearly breaking another's leg, and might have broken my own neck had I not put out my left hand to break the force as the opposite side was reached. I gathered myself up and proceeded to take breakfast as though nothing had occurred.

Shortly after breakfast my wrist became so painful, that I was compelled to consult the ship's physician, who was in every way a gentleman. He informed me that the wrist was pretty well jammed up, and that it would be necessary for me to go to my state-room and use ice water on it freely, until the inflammation and pain had subsided. I followed his advice, but it was not until

the next day at 12 o'clock that the pain fairly ceased, but the wrist remained painful, and I paid dearly for my experiment with the sea. I carried my arm in a sling for a while, and moved on the ship more cautiously, being unfit for any further gymnastic feats. The next six days were passed in reading, conversation, ascertaining the latitude and longitude, and eating and drinking, all of which opportunities were well improved. Wednesday, the 25th, while in the smoke room, a conversation incidently arose between myself and a gentleman, who appeared to me to be an English commoner, that began to attract some attention..

It began thus: I was asked why I was visiting England, and what I thought of the country, and replied, that I thought I should like the country, but never could subscribe wholly to the system of government and laws.

"Why," said the inquirer, "our laws are as good as yours."

I remarked that we had retained the spirit or about all that was good of the English laws; and had eliminated most of the objectionable features.

Said he, rather gruffly: "You do not know anything about the English laws."

I remarked, with some degree of confidence,

that "I did not arrogate to myself the legal erudition of a Blackstone, or the ability to understand all the English statutes in detail, but did presume that I was as well versed in the spirit of the English law as he was himself."

By this last remark, I aroused the ire of nine or ten stalwart Englishmen, who were at my back. One, apparently highly cultured, sprung to his feet and avowed that he was a Tory and that he gloried in his principles. I disposed of him by telling him that was the class of men Americans used to whip.

The gentleman who had commenced the conversation, then asked me to give one instance where the practical workings of the United States Government gave one more guarantee of liberty to the people than the English Government? I referred him to the fact that the British Parliament assumed to itself the right to reject members elected, whether by the will of the people or not; and that if the people elected a man to the lower house of Congress, that body was bound to admit him to a seat, if otherwise eligible; however distasteful he might be to the dominant party. I then gave him the example of the illustrious Henry Vane, who was three times

elected by the people to Parliament, and as often refused a seat. Perhaps the conversation would have become irregular, and the situation embarrassing, had not the bell rang for tea.

On the following morning, while on the hurricane deck, my English friend was introduced to me as the Hon. W. P. Chadwick, a member of Parliament from Manchester. On attempting an apology for the abrupt manner of my address the day before, he refused to accept any, and said, "I love to see a man express himself frankly and emphatically on all political questions." He further stated: "When you arrive at London you must be sure to call on me, at No. 68 Moorgate Street, and if you remain over until February, I will take pleasure in showing you through the English Parliament and introduce you to the dignitaries of the realm." The reader will, no doubt, readily perceive how reluctantly a person could accept such compliments from one who the day before was regarded only as a private citizen of England, and who now stood before us a marked representative of a great manufacturing district of Great Britain.

At four o'clock in the evening Mr. Parker informed me that it was the intention of the

passengers that evening to make a presentation of a purse to the chief steward, and that it was appointed to meet at what is known on board as the smoking-room, precisely at eight o'clock. Not having put in an appearance at that hour, a committee of two appeared and reminded me of the appointment, and, at the same time, informed me that it was necessary that I should form one of the company. Not knowing the object of the meeting further than to make the presentation, I accompanied the committee, and found present Captain Cook, of the *Russia*, the sailors, steward, and officers of the ship in uniform, and the principal portion of the passengers, among whom were Mr. D. P. Chadwick and Mr. John Crossley, members of Parliament, among whom I modestly took my seat awaiting the further action of the assembly. To my astonishment it was unanimously voted that I should make the presentation with suitable remarks. About this time a thought of Rip Van Winkle when he met the demons of the Catskill recurred to me, and wishing to appear as brave as possible under the emergency, I arose and said: "Mr. Chairman, officers, crew, and passengers of the Royal Mail Steamship *Russia*: I

observe in this assembly learned men and gentlemen of ability, representing many different nationalities, and among that number two members of the British Parliament, and, it seems to me, more befitting on this occasion that one of those distinguished individuals should perform the part assigned me this evening," and took my seat.

Being again unanimously called, I arose, when the purse with ten guineas was handed to me, and, for want of anything else to say, delivered the following brief address:

"To be President of the United States is to have reached the highest point of an American's ambition. The emperor's crown satisfies the most ambitious Frenchman; and no Englishman expects to rise higher than to have the gilded coronet of Queen Victoria fall on his brow. Yet to have attained the position of chief steward upon the great steamship *Russia*, is to have climbed next to the highest round on the ladder of nautical fame. To you, who have so faithfully performed your duty as such officer, in behalf of these passengers and officers of the ship, I present you with this purse, containing ten sovereigns. Please accept the same as a small

token of their regard for your high and generous nature, and for the promptness and cheerfulness with which the duties of your office were performed. We are now nearing port, and will soon be called upon to separate, but shall always remember with pride your kind offices, and shall cheerfully praise the men who guided the ship safely over. The *Russia* will soon be safe in port; but we may now separate never to meet on earth. Let our transient friendship and our safe landing remind us of the old ship which is to carry us safely over the River of Death, to meet on the other shore, to cultivate an everlasting friendship never to be broken, and where separations do not occur."

A brief silence, and the company returned to their respective stations, and I did not see them again until next morning on the upper deck viewing the south-western coast of Ireland.

Ireland was now in view, and a host of men were on the out-look, playing Christopher Columbus.

It is not a disagreeable thing to behold a strip of solid ground after having been tossed five or six days in succession on the angry waves of the ocean.

At noon we were in Cork Harbor, unloading the Eastern mails. At six o'clock A.M. of Saturday, the 28th of November, we found ourselves on the bar in the mouth of Mersey River, unable to proceed further until the tide came.

CHAPTER V.

LANDING AT LIVERPOOL—AT THE STATION— THE RAILROADS—CARS—LONDON.

“ There’s a land that bears a world-known name,
Though it is but a little spot ;
‘Tis the star of the earth, deny it who can,
The island home of an Englishman.”

ON the morning of the 28th of November, 1874, we awoke to find ourselves on the bar in the Mersey. Here our ship anchored, awaiting the convenience of the friendly tide to help us over. This bar is twenty miles south of Liverpool, and we were compelled to remain here three hours—which time was spent in conversation, smoking, and watching the fishermen on their small crafts catching soles. A half sole is a handsome meal for any one. At precisely twelve o’clock M. the tide, true to its instinct, lifted us over ; and at two o’clock P.M. we again anchored at a point in the river, with Birkenhead at our left and Liverpool to the right. At this point there was a general arranging of trunks and baggage for the inspection of the Custom-

house officer, who was now on board. Under such circumstances passengers became extremely selfish, every one watching his own "luggage," (we use this term to describe all kinds of baggage, because here the people would not understand what was meant by any other), to get it passed as soon as possible. Knowing, of course, that I had nothing "contraband," I had my trunk and valise opened in readiness for the officer. On the first opportunity I button-holed him, and he seeing that I had everything open for inspection, without further inquiry put his stamp upon the trunk and valise, and they were soon upon the tender, among the very first to be taken to the wharf. Shortly after an English gentleman whispered in the ear of the officer these words: "I am a member of Parliament." It is needless to say his trunks were all ransacked from top to bottom. I regarded this as highly complimentary to America.

Soon the luggage, together with the owners, were on board the tender, to be carried to the docks. This short interval was taken up in farewells and blessings. We had also the honor of an invitation from the member from Manchester to visits both Houses of Parliament, and were

promised an introduction to the English dignitaries. For this we thanked him, and would gladly have accepted but for the fact that our time would not permit us to wait till February for Parliament to convene.

As we were stepping ashore, a young lawyer, who delighted in his Tory proclivities, remarked to me: "Whenever you hear the British lion roar, take off your hat."

Bowing to him, I replied: "When you notice the American eagle scream, pull off your boots."

We did not use the language because we thought it witty, but because it was the first that came to mind, and we are writing just what occurred.

The next thing was to secure a cab to take our baggage and self to Lime Street Station. To find one we had to go outside of the docks, as no hackman is permitted to come in. The next in order was to hire a porter to carry our baggage out; but as our trunk was the first put on the tender, it would, of course, be the last one to be taken out. Finding that it would make me late to remain, and as the ship company was bound to deliver the trunks, started for the station, and soon afterward had the pleasure of see-

ing my trunk on the platform, and immediately after a very polite porter stepped up and demanded two shillings.

Said I: "For what?"

Said he: "For bringing your trunk from the docks."

"But," said I, "the ship company is bound to deliver that trunk at the station without charge."

To get rid of the unscrupulous swindler I paid him, and then hired a decent porter to put my trunk on the cars, and soon was aboard myself for London.

A person accustomed to travel in America will be much surprised on his first arrival in England. The railroads, as a general rule, are more permanent structures than ours. The beds are very complete, the rails of steel, and on most roads the track is double. The motion of the trains is swifter, running from forty to seventy miles an hour. While we admit England and France are ahead for road-beds, we feel proud of American railroad cars. The first introduction of an American to an English car, reminds him at once of an old stage-coach. Indeed, the cars in England are called coaches, and are constructed with four wheels; and two

apartments in each coach, with capacity for six passengers in each apartment.

Having got aboard of a first-class coach (would not have done so had not the ticket called for such a seat, and desiring to obtain all advantages to be derived therefrom), we were soon on our way to London. The inside of the coach was upholstered in the finest coach style, and contained two seats, one back and one front, each sufficient to accommodate three passengers who sit facing each other. There is no fire in the coaches ; hence, in cold weather, travelers in Europe must furnish themselves with rugs, wrappers, and over-shoes at their own expense. As soon as the passengers are aboard, the coach is locked up—to remain so for the journey, which, from Liverpool to London, is two hundred and fifty-seven miles. Just at this point I was delighted to find that I had for my traveling companions Mr. Polak, of Piccadilly, London, and Marshall O. Roberts, the gentlemanly millionaire from New York, and two strangers. Messrs. Polak and Roberts had sailed on the *Russia*. As I was continually getting out of my element on the trip, I could not but feel highly honored that

my fate now was cast with such distinguished company.

We were soon on the move for London, and as the trip had to be made in five hours, I had no idea that either of us would reach that point with a sound limb. The coaches flew, and when passing over a curve it reminded me of the old game of whip-cracker when I was on the tail-end of the line. There was a terrible sensation of dizziness and a disposition to swing around without your own consent. The diaphragm and abdominal muscles perform a very important part on such an occasion, and with me the contraction was more than usual; which, no doubt, contributed much in preventing a collapse. As I never faint on any occasion, I presume that it was collapse troubling me. Well, three hours or more were passed in conversation with my distinguished company, when a rumbling noise, and a decrease of momentum indicated that something was wrong. As there is no conductor aboard, nor any one else to give any information, my nervous energies caused me to look around for information. You know "drowning men will catch at straws," and, observing the following card: "Be it enacted by the Parliament of Her

Majesty's Government, the Government of Great Britain, etc. If any accident should happen to this car while running, the passenger is authorized to slide the window down, reach out, and under the eave of the right-hand side of the car, he will find a rope, which, by giving it a pull, communicates with the engineer on the engine." This information was encouraging indeed, but as I read further on I found this language: "Any one pulling the rope without just cause of alarm, shall be fined forty shillings, and imprisoned for six months." I did not pull the rope, remarking to Mr. Roberts that I would as lief be wrecked on a train as to be thrust into an English prison. The train stopped for one hour. We learned afterward that a freight train had been wrecked a short distance ahead; and we were only compelled to remain until the rubbish was removed. During our delay, it flashed through my mind that a great deal of order is preserved in England, through the terrors of the law; and while I confess I am unwilling, as a general rule, to be frightened into obedience, it seemed to have the desired effect this time. But it is not rare to submit to impositions abroad that would make martyrs of us at home, and we thought, "so goes the world." An hour or more, the track was cleared

and we were again on our way at the rate of seventy miles an hour, to make up for lost time. Roberts and Polak both agreed that my nervousness was useless—and they almost convinced me that fretting about what we can not help is one of the most inexcusable, if not foolish habits any one could practice. At precisely 11 o'clock P. M. we reached London, just six hours after we left Liverpool. When we first stepped upon the platform, at Charing-Cross station, in the great commercial and financial city, as well as the great metropolis of the world, language is inadequate to describe my feelings. None but those who have, for the first time, set their foot on the same platform can appreciate the situation. I forgot where to find my baggage, and would have absolutely failed to get away from the station had not a friendly porter stepped up and kindly proffered his assistance to get me a cab. Having given him one shilling, the accustomed fee, was soon taken to Nelson's Hotel, in Great Portland Street. I scarcely know how I got there, where, after a supper served in English, but grand style, I retired to rest, for the first time in the great city, but not without first thinking what a host of friends we could have in the world if we had an inexhaustible supply of money.

CHAPTER VI.

A STROLL IN LONDON, BILLINGSGATE, ETC.

A N American who, for the first time, wakes up and finds himself in London, may have something of the same sensation that Rip Van Winkle had on his return from the Catskill mountains, after his twenty years' nap. He will look around, somewhat amazed, and have but little to say. Such was my experience on Sunday morning, the 29th of November, as I took a short walk in the great city. Having taken a few sniffs of the foggy atmosphere, I returned to my room, at Nelson's, to spend the day in reading, writing, etc. Monday morning, the 30th of November, A.D. 1874, that being the last day of the month, I again arose to find myself in a similar situation, only that the monotony was broken by a dismal rain, which continued the greater portion of the time during my stay. It is, perhaps, expected that most persons, at least, who visit England for pleasure, or otherwise, will have

something to say of its capital, or be placed among the unobserving. To escape the frowns of a community ; made indignant by continued silence, I too, like some others, who, for the first time, visited a strange city, have an itching desire to open the vials of the mind and pour out a few ideas, as I gathered them.

London is the largest and most densely populated city, as well as the "political, moral, physical, literary, commercial, and social center of the world." It has been said, with some degree of truth, that, in these days, a visit to London is almost a necessity. The writer thought so, or he would not have gone. It was necessary that the first cable dispatch should reach Plymouth, and that, to this end, it was a necessity that some one should cross the Atlantic to send it. The site upon which London stands is very level, and covers one hundred and twenty-two square miles, and is cut in two unequal halves by the Thames River. The population, at the present time, which we ascertained from "Routledge's Guide Book," is four millions—a very considerable increase over that of 1861, when it numbered less than three millions. In 1801 the city numbered less than one million, and in 1701, on the acces-

sion of James the First, the city contained one hundred and fifty thousand, or enough to make a respectable country town. This shows the rapid growth of this historical city. For nearly 2,000 years London was less than an average town. It has grown in the last 200 years to its present population. I happened to be there in a foggy time, and can from experience say, that the damp atmosphere has not the ill effect on the health that many who have not visited the city imagine. Statistics show that 2,000 are born every week in the city, and 1,500 die in the same length of time. The average mortality is one in fifty annually. The average of human life being 33 years, places London over one-half per cent. above the average. In the fog, many of the citizens wear filterers over their mouths and noses—how much protection this is I can not say; I kept my facial orifices unbandaged, and had the satisfaction of leaving the city with as sound lungs and as good health as when I first put foot upon the ancient thoroughfares. The dense smoke produced by so many fires, mixed with fine cinders, emanating from the numberless manufactories and coal fires, added to the dampness and fog, is what contributes to annoy sojourners. Yet, notwithstanding

ing all this, the climate is quite salubrious and temperate; mercury at no time falling to zero, or rising to 90° Fahrenheit. Having secured a map for a guide we found the city very irregularly laid out, with regard to the points of the compass. Hence, to a stranger it would appear impossible to travel any distance through the meandering lanes, avenues, rows, and streets, without getting lost. The traveler in London, be he citizen or stranger, soon finds that there are several streets which form grand trunks. Oxford Street, with its extensions, forms the principal road through the city, from east to west. Having learned this fact, without further guide, I took a walk through a few of the principal streets, and some of the by-ways of the city. Most of the streets and lanes are like a serpent's trail. None of them, except Regent Street, are over sixty-six feet wide, and many of them not exceeding 12 feet wide. There is one feature about the streets worthy of note; however narrow and crooked, they are paved in the most elegant manner, with stone that seems capable of lasting for ten generations or more without repair. Oxford Street as it winds its way through the mass of buildings, over 20 miles, reminds one

of a common wagon road, winding through a western forest. Indeed, as I passed down old Drury Lane into Oxford Street, it required but little effort to carry the imagination back 2,000 years, when old Oxford Street was a common wagon road, and Drury Lane a private way to a farm-house. A map of London has something the appearance of a clay hill, after a heavy rain. The gullies formed by the washing represent the streets, alleys, and lanes, and the space between represents the blocks. The buildings are densely packed, and though built of brick and stone, and durable, if we except the cathedral, churches, and some public buildings, are inferior to those in some of our American cities, as to proportion and finish. At least I saw no private building that would equal in magnitude and beauty, the new telegraph office in New York, or the Palmer House in Chicago. Among the store buildings there are none that would excel that of A. T. Stewart & Co., of New York, or that of Field, Leiter & Co., of Chicago. There is one thing remarkable in all the shops and stores, on the principal thoroughfares of London: for order and neatness, and show of the choicest goods and wares to the best advantage, they are

unrivaled. The retail dry-goods stores and the shops are all fancy bazars, and the jewelry stores are palaces. This we attribute to the fact that all the retail stores are kept in order by female assistants, and ladies having higher order than men, may account for this superiority. The Seven Dials, which has heretofore been noted for dilapidated buildings, the habitations of roughs, and all kinds of thieves, have been rebuilt, and is now a very respectable portion, if not the best part of the city.

BILLINGSGATE is a gate, wharf, and fish market, just below London bridge. This was opened in the year 1558, as a landing for provisions, and in 1669 was made a free and open market for fish of all sorts. It is the only wholesale fish market in London. Arriving here accidentally, had I not been told that I was in Billingsgate, I would have imagined that this was a fair, at which all the fishmongers of the world were represented. The unpolished phraseology, native, though not peculiar to this part of London, has given rise to the proverbial use of the word. The odor is not at all agreeable at Billingsgate, if it is a healthy part of the city. The citizens of London, as a rule, are intelligent and industrious. The line of dis-

tinction, however, between landlord and tenant, the property-holder and the laborer, is too sharply drawn to impress an American favorably. Hired girls wear a badge of servitude, and I am told are all compelled to do so while on duty. Despite the peculiarities of climate, atmosphere, government, and social order, London is a cheerful place. On the Monday evening after arriving I stepped into a telegraph office, and found it in charge of two young ladies. I remarked that it added to the cheerfulness of the city to have the shops and many of the private offices filled with ladies. This seemed to meet their approbation and drew from them the inquiry why we did not adopt a similar method? Whereupon I said that Americans treated their women better. They did not seem to appreciate this, and I am not sure but that it would be quite as well for Americans to adopt the same rule in some places. The ladies are as intelligent, and apparently more healthy, if not quite so handsome, as American ladies.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STROLL CONTINUED — SOMERSET HOUSE — HOUGHTON'S — OLD BAILEY — OLD LONDON STONE, ITS HISTORY — HAMBURG BANK — ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL — BRITISH MUSEUM — THE ROMANS — GRECIAN AND EGYPTIAN ROOMS — MARK ANTONY — CLEOPATRA — THE ROYAL LIBRARY — THE ORIGINAL MAGNA CHARTA.

ONE night's rest after my first day's stroll, and I felt braced up for any emergency; hence on the morning of December 1, I attempted a further view of the city. Supposing that business called me there, I went direct to Somerset House. Formerly this was the palace of an earl of the same name. In the old building Henrietta Maria, consort of Charles I., and Catharine of Braganza (wife of Charles II.), held their Courts. The present spacious building was erected in 1776, (a memorable year for America). It is now the seat of various Government offices and the headquarters for several learned societies. The King's College, the Navy Pay Office,

and a number of other offices are kept here. The different offices in the building employ 1,700 clerks, at an expense of \$1,990,000. Here the records of births, marriages, deaths, and of wills are kept. Wills from most counties in the kingdom, dating from the year 1020, to the present time, are recorded here. To look at a record, the person must purchase a ticket from the officer in charge, which costs one shilling, and every new search a new ticket must be obtained. Looking over several records, we found at least fifty families of Houghtons, as well as a very beautiful street of that name, in the city, which fact may not be altogether uninteresting to the Houghton descendants in America. From this I went to the Old Bailey, famous in history as a Criminal Court-room and prison. It is a dingy-looking old building, connected with so many historical incidents and events of a notorious character, as to render it attractive, especially after I was shown the spot where the criminals had been brought from thence and executed. To the right of the Bailey is Farringdon Street, and to the left is Bridge Street. At the place where these streets converge to a point of intersection, there is erected a monument to John Wilkes, who was

a prisoner of state here in the last century. The next object that attracted attention was the old London Stone, fixed in the south wall of Saint Swithin's Church. The history is as follows: It was used by the Romans from which to commence the measurement of roads, while England was under the Roman rule, and is supposed to have been of considerable magnitude, but now does not exceed the dimensions of a large bomb-shell. It was once regarded with "superstitious veneration," as it was supposed to be in some way connected with the safety of the city. Adjoining St. Swithin, is the Hamburg Bank, on which we had our bill of exchange. There is nothing remarkable about this bank farther than it does a large business, employs a great many clerks, and yet we presented our bill, which was duly honored and cashed, without identity—a feat we have never been able to perform in America. I can not tell how it was done, nor could I get any one else to explain. If an American banker can, I shall be much obliged. Every thing seemed to work for my interest and I was therefore somewhat elated. When I stood in the nave of St. Paul's Cathedral, I could easily imagine myself standing upon holy ground, and

no request was necessary to enable me to take off my hat. As I looked to the right or left, I imagined myself among the tombs; but as I looked up, methought I could see up into the very heavens. Either way my eyes were cast it made a solemn impression. I did not want to go to the tombs, and felt that I could not go direct to heaven. St. Paul's Cathedral, as it now stands, covers the ashes of many churches. It is said to stand upon a site where once stood a temple of Diana, in which "great enormities were practiced." But the present grand structure has swept away all such indignities. The structure is nearly half a mile in circumference; being 282 feet wide, 510 feet long. From the foundation to the cross is 404 feet high—the cross in itself is 30 feet high; but to an observer on the ground, it appears little larger than the crucifix usually worn by ladies as an ornament. The present structure was planned by Christopher Wren, in 1710, and stands on the ruins of five churches, besides the temple of Diana. The first was erected in the early ages of Christianity and was destroyed during the reign of Diocletiah, Emperor of Rome, A.D. 282. The second was erected by Constantine, and destroyed by the Saxons. About

A.D. 610, Sebert, Sub-King of Ethelbert, built the third church on this site, which was destroyed by fire in 1033. Immediately after this Bishop Mauritius erected the fifth, and still finer cathedral, which was destroyed in the great fire of 1666. The present took thirty-five years to complete, at an expense of \$3,700,000.

The fee now required of visitors is as follows:

To Whispering Gallery	-	-	-	12 cts.
" Ball	-	-	-	37 "
" Library	-	-	-	12 "
" Clock and Crypt	-	-	-	12 "

I do not know that it was so designed, but as you stand in the nave, either way you look, you are attracted by a monument to the memory of some distinguished worthy. Here lies John Howard, Dr. Johnson, the Duke of Wellington, Christopher Wren, and a host of others, whose memory impress the visitor with the solemnity attending a funeral; but as you turn the eye upward and behold the beautiful arched dome, unequaled for its beautiful adorning, the observer will at once regard the whole structure as a beautiful allegory of the sordid things of earth and the beauties of heaven.

One of the most interesting, if not the most

solemn sights of London, was the British Museum. To give even a passing notice of what I here saw in two hours, would be simply absurd; and to intimate that it contained the most remarkable collection of antiquities, the works of art and other objects of interest in the world, would be no exaggeration. Here are to be seen the life-like statues of the whole line of Roman emperors, cut by Roman hands in the days when Rome was in her glory; among which stands prominent the great Cæsar. The Grecian Room likewise furnishes many samples of Grecian skill, in the days of her greatness, the most perfect specimens of which are the bust of Demosthenes, Socrates, and Plato, which are no doubt excellent likenesses of the great originals, carved out by master hands. In the Assyrian transept are found the most perfect specimens of ancient Assyrian art. In that department nothing was more interesting than the great man-bull, and the man-lion, pictures of which are so often seen in scientific works. These are the original figures once placed at the entrance of Nimrod's Palace. The stones upon which these monsters are carved are of solid granite, and must be six feet thick, ten feet high, and fourteen feet long.

I could not find out how such a mass was transported from its original resting-place. In the Egyptian Room, I could not avoid noticing specially the mummy of Cleopatra, the distinguished Egyptian queen. After viewing the mortal remains, doubts arose as to whether this was the body that once contained the spirit that captivated Mark Antony; but when one of the official managers stepped forward and called my attention to the sarcophagus, from which the body had been taken, and then read from the hieroglyphical inscription thereon: "Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, famous alike for her beauty and her passion, daughter of Ptolemy Auletes," I could no longer lack faith. The department of curious animals, birds, fishes, and reptiles, is no doubt the finest collection in the world. Having now feasted the eyes in these several departments, through the kindness of one of the managers, I obtained permission to visit the Reading-Room. This feat usually requires a great deal of ceremony, but I finally succeeded in obtaining a ticket, of which the following is a copy:

"No. 1472.—Not Transferable.—This ticket admits Mr. J. S. Bender to the Reading-Room of the British Museum for one day, Dec. 2d."

After my trouble I found to my great astonishment that I had nothing to pay for this privilege. I right here learned this lesson, that where it required ceremony, no pay was required, but without this, the "almighty shilling" was wanted. Being equipped for any emergency, I now obtained admission to the Reading-Room, and gratified my curiosity on Doomsday Book, which is about 800 years old, written in Latin, Norman, and French, in the old Anglo-Saxon letters. From thence I went through the Royal Library, which does honor to the world. The ancient manuscript room is very attractive. Here among other things I was permitted to view the original Magna Charta of King John with the Great Seal attached. This seal contains about one pound of wax; but when compared with the seal of Queen Victoria (which is nearly as large as a surveyor's compass with a six-inch needle), it sinks into insignificance. This completes my observations for this day.

CHAPTER VIII.

LONDON AND SOUTHWESTERN RAILROAD—CHALK HILLS—DENZELL PLACE—ANECDOTE—SOUTHAMPTON—CANUTE—EDMUND IRONSIDES—THE OLD NORMAN WALL AND GATE—HARTLEY LIBRARY—DR. WATTS' MONUMENT.

HAVING now had a glimpse of the metropolis, on the morning of December 2d I took train for Southampton, *via* the London and Southwestern Railroad, whither the reader must go with me for a short time. This road takes the passenger through the remarkable chalk hills of England, which would seem to contain an inexhaustible supply of this article for the whole world, future ages taken into consideration. Some of these hills are much higher than Mount Carmel, and deeper than Lake Gennesaret. The chalk regions extend a great portion of the distance from London to Southampton, which is seventy-eight miles. Much of this chalk crops out, and many farms, well cultivated, appear to be but a bed of

chalk. I was told that where the chalk did not rise too near the surface, the lands were excellent; that where the surface was but a chalk bed, grain and vegetables did not grow well; although chalk was used as a fertilizer on clay lands. On this line of railroad are many tunnels, which are moss-grown with age; a good portion of the country along the line is very productive; farmers raising from forty to seventy bushels of wheat to the acre. The wheat fields were green, and the husbandmen diligently at work plowing for a later crop. My idea of the country, however, was, that it is best adapted to raising stock. This conclusion was reached from this fact, that at that time, although late in the fall, the climate was still moist, and the grass green and luxuriant.

Gratified with the scenery of this part of the old country, at 10 o'clock A. M. I reached Southampton; got off the train, and looked around to see if any person we ever knew was there. It is said that the traveler can go no place, without finding some person he knows, but here I did not, and failing, engaged a hack for No. 2 Denzell Place, where I found a cheerful and comfortable home, during my stay at this point. Introducing

myself, as I had no one to do so for me, and after exchanging the usual compliments, I returned to the station on foot, and the first man I met there was Mr. Joseph A. Blundell, a gentleman with whom I had spent many pleasant hours in America. Of course, I returned with him to his father's house, and after a short rest, and an excellent dinner, took a walk through the city. On my first entry into the town I called at a private residence for a drink of water. A very respectable lady made her appearance. Said I:

"Would you be kind enough to let me have a glass of water?"

"Said she : "No, sir."

Feeling snubbed, I was about beating a retreat, when I recognized a pleasing smile upon her face, with the accompanying remark:

"We don't drink water at Southampton; water is not good here. We can let you have a bottle of stout if you desire it."

I was somewhat in the situation of the boy after the bee stung him, when asked whether he wanted honey, said: "I don't know." Never having heard of stout, I did not know. Hence I inquired whether it would quench thirst?

The lady said she did not know whether it would or not, but that people said it would.

I then informed her I would try the stout; which had the desired effect, and which I found to be generally used in and around the place, without the apparently injurious effect arising from the constant use of lager-beer in America. I am not prepared to say, however, that the introduction of it into America, to be used as a beverage, would have a good or evil effect. The apology for its use in the south of England is, that the dampness of the atmosphere relaxes the system to such an extent, that the health of the country seemingly demands the use of stimulants.

Southampton, at first sight, does not strike the stranger favorably. It is situated at the confluence of the rivers Itchen and Test, and an arm of the sea stretching four miles above and seven miles below the town. The site is elevated, yet the town is exceedingly damp, foggy, and rainy, so much so as to produce a melancholy effect; yet after a rapid survey and casual view of the town, and a short stay therein, the visitor will come to this conclusion: that consumptives, if not too far gone, will live as long there as any-

where else. The town, as is usual with the ancient oriental cities, is irregularly laid out. It is located on an elevated tract of ground, which places it beyond the reach of flood, however much it may rain. At the present writing the town contains near fifty thousand inhabitants, and is particularly noted for its ecclesiastical and military antiquities, ancient buildings, and the general salubrity of the atmosphere is acknowledged. The name is said to have been derived from the Saxon words "*ham*," a house, "*tun*," a town, and its foundation was supposed to have been laid prior to the Christian era. From that time to the present it has, like most ancient towns of any notoriety, passed through many vicissitudes. At one time it was occupied by the Romans, after that the Danish invasion gave the town to the Danes. It was about the year 1016 when Canute, the great Danish leader, had his contest with Edmund Ironsides. There are a number of handsome streets in this town, among which High Street seems the most remarkable. The name of this street would indicate an ancient origin of this town, as there is not an antiquated town or city in England that I visited, but what had a thoroughfare called High Street.

It may be that the inhabitants of every ancient city have been on a "high," as Americans sometimes call it. It was upon this street I noticed Canute's palace, where it is supposed the eminent Dane used to reside; a hotel now marks the spot where it is said he administered his rebuke to his courtiers. It is here that I observed the first gate of a city, which must have been erected during or succeeding the Norman conquest. The gate is under an archway over High Street, which, undoubtedly, was the entrance of the city. Of the Southampton wall, a good portion is still remaining in a fair state of preservation. Over the gateway is a hall, which was erected at the same time, and is now used as a town hall. From the appearance of the arches in this hall, it must be of Norman origin; hence built about the time, or shortly after, the Norman invasion as a means of defense. Much of the town is outside of the wall and gate; but there are enough old landmarks remaining to serve to illustrate the Scriptural declaration in regard to the gate of a city. The Hartley Library and Reading-Room is an institution worth visiting. It contains over seven thousand volumes, and a lecture-room capable of seating twelve hundred persons.

I am under obligation to Joseph and Fred. Blundell for admission to this room. The town contains many ancient churches and halls, among which Guild Hall is perhaps the oldest. A specially remarkable feature about this town is its beautiful parks. Cumberland Park contains the statue of Dr. Isaac Watts, which is nine feet high, carved from the finest quality of Sicilian marble. When asked what I thought of the statue, I remarked that it was a fine monument, and was only excelled by the one erected by himself. The inscription on the latter is in every hymn-book, in every church, in almost every land. After this casual observation of the town, I returned with my escort to No. 2 Denzell Place.

CHAPTER IX.

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL—DRUIDS' INN—STONEHENGE—ITS ORIGIN.

ON Saturday morning, December 9, the overhanging clouds at Southampton indicated rain, and the general state of the atmosphere put on a gloomy cast. Having the day before enjoyed the company of the most distinguished Saxons and Danes of the 9th, 10th, and 11th centuries (what remains of them), and having felt that pleasurable sensation which usually attends one when in the company of high dignitaries who can do us no harm, the question was to-day, how we could be let down from the dizzy height to which we had climbed yesterday, without being stunned. There were numerous places of interest, sufficient to keep up the excitement, and many were suggested. There was the Isle of Wight, the Armory at Portsmouth, William the Conqueror, and Stonehenge. As we had no acquaintances in the Isle of Wight, and are not

much of a lover of munitions of war, only so far as they are retained as trophies, and relics of the past, and having seen the stone coffin of Rufus the day before, we decided to run down to Stonehenge, which is thirty-one miles north-west of Southampton, and seventy-five miles south-west of London. It is reached from Southampton by taking cars on the Branch of the London and Southwestern R.R. to Salisbury; from thence by private conveyance. Waiting a short time at Salisbury, or New Sarum, gave me a few minutes to view the Salisbury Cathedral. This grand structure is of the very finest English architecture, and from the ground to the top of the spire it is 450 feet, or thirty feet higher than St. Paul's of London; in fact, it is the highest church in Great Britain, and is only exceeded in height by St. Peter's at Rome. An effort to obtain admission to the inside of this building proved unavailing. Determined to go in at all hazards, we approached the great door, but found it as solid as that of a burglar-proof safe, with the following notice on the hook: "No visitors admitted within this chapel during the hours of service." We had happened here during solemn service, hence made no further effort, so that what of interest

was inside must remain a secret to the world at present, so far as we are concerned. Whatever loss this misfortune may be to mankind, it was nevertheless some gain to me. I had more time to view the outside. Traveling around through the beautiful yard we saw the porch, which from its antiquated appearance I judged to be much older than the other parts of the cathedral, and is of Roman architecture. This porch, we were told, was brought from Sarum, an ancient Roman town, but two miles east of Salisbury, and placed here on the exact spot where the Saxons and ancient Britons fought their memorable battle in the year 552. This battle, history informs us, was fought by the Saxons under the generalship of Cynaic, who put the Britons to flight; and it must have been a complete conquest, as we have never heard or read of any achievements by the Britons since that time. Salisbury was originally called New Sarum. Our one-horse chaise being now ready, we started for Stonehenge. The drive took us by what is called the Armsbury road, which is as smooth as a floor, as solid as a rock, and one horse seemed to move with as much ease as two would carry the same weight in America. This

road carried us past Old Sarum. Here, for the first time in my life, I had the privilege of an actual view of the plan of an ancient Roman and Grecian city. No houses are remaining at Old Sarum, but the terraced hill, and ancient citadel, are as plainly to be seen at this place as at the ancient site of Rome or the Acropolis at Athens. This road led into what appeared to be a hotel, and upon looking up we saw a sign on which was a painting of a bearded man, with a cap on, and under the portrait, the words "Druids' Inn." It being extremely chilly, it was thought best to stop and see whether the Druids were in. Knocking at the door, a gentleman who we were informed was the landlord appeared, a fac-simile of the painting on the sign. He was soon followed by his Druid wife and children. Having tarried, conversed, and lunched with the Druids, until we were comfortable, we again started for Stonehenge, which is just two miles from "Druids' Inn." Proceeding about one mile our attention was attracted by a dozen or more quadrupeds, which I supposed to be big rabbits; but the driver informed us that they were English hares. Never having seen a hare before, my first impulse was to get out and catch one as a relic

of Salisbury Plain. We did not lose sight of these animals until the driver remarked that we were in sight of Stonehenge. Forgetting all else, I now prepared for an investigation of the principal object of the visit. On alighting at the Henge the first thought was to take a chip off one of these mammoth stones; but remembering that we had neither hammer nor chisel, we were compelled to omit the barbarous practice of destroying ancient monuments to gratify our thirst for relics, and become content with a bunch of moss which grew on the rocks, and which I packed in my trunk and carefully preserved. My opinion is that Stonehenge is the remains of an ancient British temple, which had been dedicated to the Sun. In connection with the temple was a race-course, similar to that used by the Grecians near Mount Olympus, which St. Paul evidently referred to in his Epistle to the Corinthians. Near this temple are traces of an ancient burying-ground, which appears from the number of mounds, resembling the Indian mounds of America.

Not satisfied, however, with this theory, on our return to Southampton I immediately proceeded to the Hartley Library and called for a

book that would give light on the subject. The very courteous gentleman in charge immediately produced a copy of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, from which I copied the following bit of history concerning this remarkable monument of antiquity :

“ The first account of the structure is in Geoffrey of Monmouth, who, in the reign of King Stephen, wrote the history of the Britons in Latin. He tells that it was erected by the counsel of Merlin, the British enchanter, at the command of Ansetus Ambrosius, the last British king, in memory of four hundred and sixty Britons who were murdered by Hengist the Saxon. The next account is that of Polydon Virgil, who says that the Britons erected this as a sepulchral monument of Ansetus Ambrosius. But other writers in the twelfth century discredit all these accounts ; and it appears that even at that early time all knowledge of its origin and intention had passed away. Inigo Jones is of the opinion that it was a Roman temple, from a stone sixteen feet long and four feet broad, placed in an erect position to the eastward, altar fashion. Dr. Christian attributes it to the Danes,

who were two years masters of Wiltshire. Many other theories have since been propounded, and supported with more or less ingenuity and plausibility; but in a matter so obscure, little more than a probable conjecture of the truth can be hoped for. It seems most likely that Stonehenge was erected by the ancient British for solemn religious rites, and from the art displayed in its construction, it could not have been much earlier than the time of the Roman conquest. In the vicinity of Stonehenge are the remains of what seems to have been an ancient race-course; and as in early times the public games were generally connected with religious celebration, it is highly probable that this was in connection with the temple at Stonehenge."

How those mammoth stones were brought there, and whence obtained, is still a mystery. On our return we passed through the village of the Avon, and had a full view of the house where Charles II. was secreted for some days after the battle of Worcester. The sight of this house sent our imagination back two hundred years. In the valley before reaching Salisbury we passed the village of Stratford. I thought at

first I was at the birth-place of Shakespeare, but a little reflection showed me that it is another Stratford where the English bard was born. We returned to headquarters well pleased with our visit and observations of that day.

CHAPTER X.

NETLEY ABBEY—CAMP CLAUSENTUM—VICTORIA
HOSPITAL — WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL — ST.
CROSS HOSPITAL.

THRILLED with yesterday's observations, strengthened by a quiet night's rest and a good English breakfast, and feeling a little Quixotic, in company with Mr. Blundell I prepared for a siege of Netley Abbey, a place that I had never heard of before. This ancient monastery is situated about three and a half miles from Southampton, on an arm of the sea, and conceals within its walls many points of interest, which, if written, would fill a volume ; but I have not time nor opportunity to dig them out. Suffice it to say that the abbey was erected by some Cisterian monks who emigrated from France at the beginning of the thirteenth century. The inside of the building is 211 feet long by 50 feet wide. At the transepts, or wings, it is 160 feet wide, and from the ground to the summit of

the gable is 80 feet. Though nearly destroyed, it reveals some of the most perfect specimens of Norman architecture. Its vaulted rooms and subterranean passages, many of which are still to be seen, impressed us with the idea that it was constructed for defense against invasion as well as for a place of worship. One room, in a partial state of preservation, with its vaulted door, had something of the appearance of a prison, which, for want of better information, we concluded had been used to punish refractory monks.

The old Roman camp, Clausentum, was not far from this, at which place there is a castle still remaining in a fine state of preservation, and occupied by a family. From this castle a subterranean passage is supposed to have been constructed to the abbey. Niches are yet apparent in the walls, which are supposed at some time in the world's history to have contained the busts of saints or other ancient worthies ; but now, like footprints of a human being in the solid rock, we can tell how those niches were made, and what made them, but do not know who once filled them. One thing we especially know : nowhere is the ruthless hands of the invaders more visible than on the old walls. The abbey

was probably destroyed in the reign of Henry VIII. or during Cromwell's wars. The old ivy-covered walls and gables now standing, with the wildness of the surrounding landscape, and the profound stillness, convince the visitor at once that Netley Abbey ranks among the grand ruins in the world. The old winding stairway was closed, or we should have scaled the walls; but when our guide told us that one or two years ago a young lady who had gone up, fell down and was killed, and that the avenue had been closed to prevent further accident, our regrets were changed to thanks. Every vestige of the stained glass has been removed, but there is still remaining a portion of the tessellated tiling which covered the floor, and which reveals an art that now seems lost to the world. By paying our guide a shilling, we were permitted each to take a small fragment of this tiling with us. We left the ruin with many regrets and fully believing that it will pay any one visiting the south of England to take the journey to see Netley Abbey.

While returning to Southampton we took a survey of the Royal Victoria Hospital, which was on our way, and about one mile from the

abbey, and three and a half miles from Southampton. This building is 1,420 feet, or over a quarter of a mile, in length ; the architecture is Italian, and was erected by her majesty, Queen Victoria, in 1856, immediately after the Crimean war. It is built of brick and stone at a cost of over £3,000,000. Three thousand sick soldiers are landed here every year ; and it is the headquarters of the medical staff of the army. Attached to the hospital is a library, museum, and lunatic asylum. The ground on which it is situated contains two hundred and fifty acres beautifully ornamented and adorned with evergreens, fruits, and other trees and shrubbery, together with monuments and statuary, which give the whole an attractive as well as half-melancholy appearance. It was this place that suggested to me that in England the great effort is to preserve antiquities and nature, and in America the strife is to supersede the beauties of natural scenery with the monotony of art. The museum of skulls and sections of the human body distorted by disease, if ghastly and revolting to the finer feelings, certainly forms one of the most interesting, if not attractive features of this institution.

The quay at Southampton contains a small saluting battery of seven guns, in which we noticed one that, according to the inscription, had been presented to the citizens of Southampton by Henry VIII. It is a rude piece of mechanism; but when we considered that it was here at the instance of that monarch, who lived over three hundred years ago, and created such commotion as well as sorrow in the world, it became an object of great interest to me.

On December 4th we visited Winchester Cathedral. This is located at Winchester, and is said to be the oldest of its class in the kingdom. It was built in the year A.D. 980. On entering this grand old structure, I was immediately impressed with the idea that I ought to take off my hat, or rather cap; but noticing that my English cousin did not take off his, I presumed that was the rule, that we could enter the sepulchre without the usual formality attending a funeral. We were, however, soon met by a sanctimonious-looking man, whose appearance impressed us with the idea that he had just come from the tombs, or had been lately resurrected. He asked us politely and solemnly if we would take off our hats. I immediately put my hand

to my head—I was wearing only a skull cap—and remembering then that I had seen during religious service in America churchmen of my age wear their skull caps during service, the first impulse was to resist the request as an indignity. A little reflection, however, prompted me to take off my cap, which I deliberately put in my coat pocket. My companion inquired the necessity of this formality—he could not see that this place was any better than any other. Our sacred-looking gentleman said that was true; but that the rule of the sanctuary demanded it, and we must obey. Having now been posted in the rules, we followed our guide through the nave into the main chapel and to the altar, and were shown a beautiful painting executed by Benjamin West, of America. In the right and left of this chapel, elevated above the floor, are the remains of the following dignitaries: Ethelwolf, father of Alfred the Great; Hardicanute, and his father Canute, also William Rufus, son of William the Conqueror, who was so ruthlessly dealt with, lies here. Surrounded by effigies of these ancient worthies, something of the same feeling crept over me that usually affects modest men in the presence of dignitaries—I felt sleepy.

Leaving our distinguished company, we were conducted to a small apartment which contains Queen Mary's chair and toilet table. We could not have resisted the temptation to take a seat immediately; but close examination revealed an almost invisible picket fence which rendered the chair entirely inaccessible to common humanity, so that we had to take our leave without this distinguished honor, or even to get a chip of the chair to preserve as a memorial of our visit. Solemn reflection, however, convinced us that if every impudent American were allowed to do as he pleased with those old relics, which, like Lot's wife, have become almost sacred by time, they would soon lose their interest, if not become invisible to the naked eye.

With many solemn reflections and regrets we now left the venerable building for a visit to St. Cross Hospital. This was erected by Henry De Blois, Bishop of Winchester, and brother of King Stephen, in the year 1136. The lodge of St. Cross seems to be the most interesting feature of the building, whither we were conducted by a youth of ninety summers. Here is a beautiful altar and tessellated pavement, for permission to stand upon which, our guide told us, one

sympathetic gentleman visitor had paid £3,000, equal to \$15,000. The bait was too big for us to bite at. The only relic that I remember seeing here was the table of King Stephen, which is of marble and elliptical in form. This we were not allowed to touch. Determined to have a relic, we could discover nothing but a small bit of common glass hanging loose in one of the windows, which we appropriated, and have carefully preserved. We now returned to Southampton.

CHAPTER XI.

GOING TO ST. LUKE'S CHURCH—DESCRIPTION OF SAME—BLUNDELL FAMILY—WINCHESTER—ST. GILES' HILL.

ON Sunday morning, December 6th, I arose after ten hours' sound sleep, feeling somewhat dull. The cloudiness of the sky, and a steady rain, contributed nothing to my cheerfulness—in fact, I had no cheerfulness to speak of. Under such circumstances a cheerful countenance is like sunshine to a drooping flower. I found a number of cheerful souls here; yet, like the rusty iron plate which absorbs the rays of the sun without reflecting any, I felt that I was drawing comfort from my surroundings, without the ability to return an equivalent. If any sensitive person wants to feel humble, let him place himself where he receives blessings and is without the power to reciprocate. Just such a predicament was I in on that Sunday morning. In the midst of gloomy meditations joy often comes from a source from whence it is least expected.

Caroline Blundell, one of four sisters, whose early education and careful training place them among the most attractive as well as courteous young ladies of south England, invited me to accompany her to church. It is not strange that under the circumstances I should feel embarrassed; but when I saw that the proposal was kindly intended, I gladly accepted it, and not even the rain or solemnity of the occasion had the effect to mar my happiness. I had a desire to attend one of the churches of England, and now the opportunity presented itself.

The beautiful church of St. Luke was just across the street, for which we started. After gaining admission, we were conducted down the aisle, a distance which seemed to me to be about half a mile, to a front pew. Caroline and myself were put in the same pew. This increased my diffidence; but when I looked around and saw the ladies and gentlemen sitting promiscuously all over the room, the embarrassment subsided. It occurred to me that the seating of the sexes promiscuously, even in a church, was much more natural than the custom of separating them which is in vogue in some of our American churches, where, although the husband and wife enter at

the same door, they immediately separate, the man taking one and the woman the other side of the room. If they have a child, two years or so old, it may be permitted to trot back and forth from father to mother during the service, to the great annoyance of the minister and his audience. Children running about the audience-room of an English church, during service, is unknown. It is my usual custom, when among strangers, to conform to their customs as near as can be without a sacrifice of principle, so I kneel, sit, or stand, according to the exigency of the case, and in imitation of others, but not being entirely unaccustomed to the English form of worship, I concluded that it would be difficult to go through the programme without committing blunders; so without meaning any irreverence or disrespect, I kept my seat during the service. This attitude afforded a better opportunity for observation. St. Luke's Church, like most churches in England, is long and narrow, and finished in a style which gives it a grand and solemn, rather than a cheerful appearance. The prayers and other parts were intoned by twenty-five or more boys, dressed in white surplices, assisted by the pastor; and during the services the congregation

preserved the utmost decorum. After prayers the Rev. Mr. Few delivered a sermon to an appreciative congregation, which occupied one-half hour. After this the congregation were dismissed; and we returned to the house. On Monday and Tuesday, the 7th and 8th, continual rain and general inclemency of the weather prevented further observation, and I had to be content to remain indoors until Wednesday, the 9th. This morning my baggage was arranged with the view to taking a final leave of Southampton; but before doing so, if pardon is granted, I would like to say a few words about the Blundell family. It consists of Joseph and Emma, the father and mother; three sons, Joseph A., Frederick John, and Herbert; and six daughters, the following four of whom were at home: Sarah E., Alice May, Caroline E., and Annie, the latter of whom will have been married to a gentleman in Liverpool before this recital is in print. During my stay here, I had the opportunity of partaking of the hospitality of an aristocratic English host and hostess, without being compelled to endure the austerity and ceremony usually attending social distinctions. Punctual in business; rigid, yet not bigoted, in morals; freedom in conversation, and

showing much latitude in the direction of innocent mirth and amusement, the members of this family most happily impressed me—indeed, I do not remember ever having met a family with whom greater sunshine lingered. I consider it one of the fortunate events of my life to have partaken at the hospitable board of this family for six days. No other remuneration was countenanced than our sincere thanks.

The train being ready I started for Winchester, where I arrived in due season. This city contains only 15,000 inhabitants ; yet has a history as old and quite as interesting as London. Winchester must have been founded by some of the Celtic tribes, long before the Christian era ; but has no certain history until the Belgic invaders made it the capital of South Britain, about 200 years before Christ. After the departure of the Romans it became the chief city of England. In the year 519, A.D., when Cedric, the Saxon, was crowned here, it became the capital of the West Saxon Kingdom. The victorious descendants of Cedric made it the capital of all England, which it continued to be until, perhaps, the twelfth century. It was here that Alfred the Great was crowned ; after which it became the seat of the chief courts

of the realm; Emma, Hardicanute, and Edward the Confessor were crowned here. William the Conqueror spent Easter here, and his son, William Rufus, was buried at this place. At Winchester, Henry II. got his wife, and Henry III. was born. Edward I., with Queen Eleanor, visited this place on their return from Palestine. Henry IV. came here with his bride, and Henry V. at this place received the last ambassador from France. Henry VI. made frequent visits, and Henry VII. brought his queen here to give birth to the son who should revive the remembrance of Prince Arthur. Henry VIII. visited Winchester, in company with Charles V., and caused Prince Arthur's table to be painted anew. Good Queen Bess also made an excursion down here. The state trials and executions which followed the supposed conspiracy of Walter Raleigh, made Winchester famous. Charles I. paid one visit in royal state, another while a prisoner, and to the honor of the old citizens their mournful welcome of the fallen king should be remembered. It is said that throughout the wars, Winchester, the old capital of England, was as staunch for the king as the new was for his opponents. Charles II., under the

direction of Sir Christopher Wren, commenced the erection of a palace at this place, which was never completed. Here ended the connection of Winchester with royalty and English history. One of the old gates, and traces of the ancient wall, in a perfect state of preservation, still remain, which serve to illustrate the plan of an ancient city. Passing through the gate and along the wall, we reach Durugate Mill, which stands near St. Giles' Hill. It first appears in history as the place of execution of Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland, A. D. 1069. William the Conqueror granted to Bishop Walkin the right to hold a fair on this hill. The guide who led me up the terraced-like road, until we reached the summit, informed me that we were now near the spot where Cardinal Wolsey had his residence. With our surroundings the reader will at once see that it is not surprising why an unsophisticated American, visiting England, should take Winchester in his route. Friday, December 11th, I returned by railway to London, obtaining on the way a distant view of Windsor Castle, the place where Queen Victoria sometimes resides. I regret not having had the time to obtain a better view of the same. On arriving at London, I proceeded immediately

to visit the most remarkable building in England, and perhaps the most renowned in the world—Westminster Abbey—an account of which appears in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

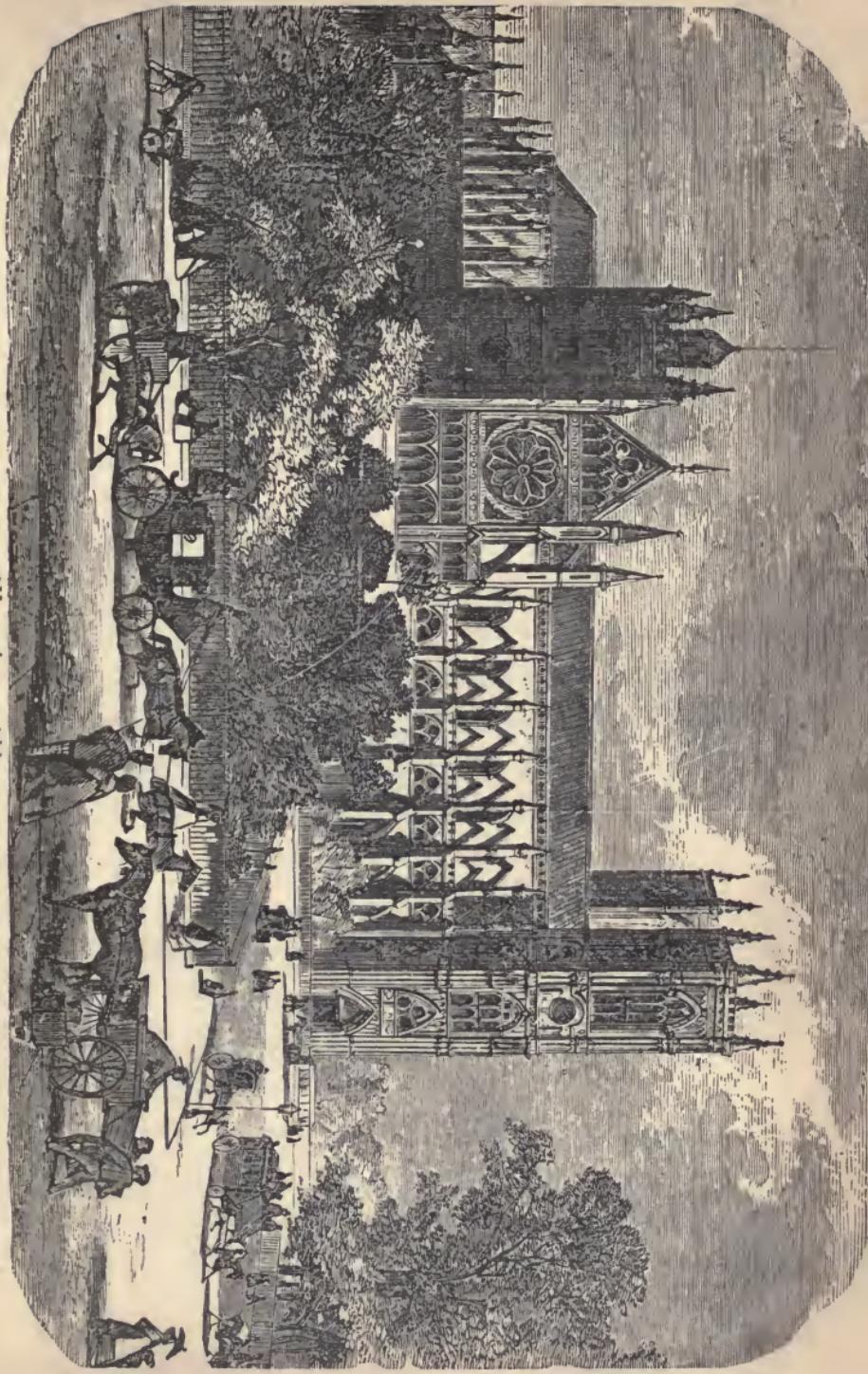
BACK TO LONDON—WESTMINSTER ABBEY—WHAT ADDISON SAYS OF IT—GOLDSMITH'S OPINION OF IT—THE AUTHOR'S COMMENTS.

IN my last I promised a description of Westminster Abbey; but as the most profound literary men of modern ages have written of its associations, poets sung its praises, and orators of no ordinary power for the last eight centuries have gained the highest inspiration from their observation within these walls; I may well ask myself the question: How dare I walk in the footsteps of these ancient worthies, much less undertake to describe what they were loth to do?

Westminster Abbey was first erected by King Sebert on "Thorny Island," a spot overgrown with thorns, west of London, in A.D. 616; and from its locality on the river Thames as well as its direction from the city, it was called West Monastery, to distinguish it from St. Paul's, or what was then called East Monastery or East-

"IT, WITH ITS ASSOCIATIONS, WILL, BLAZE ON THE PAGES OF FUTURE HISTORY AS IT HAS GLITTERED ON
THE PAGES OF THE PAST."

Westminster Abbv.





minster. As the population increased so as to form two separate towns around these monasteries, the names gradually became contracted to West and East minster, which ancient towns form two of the most interesting parts of London at the present time. There are few persons who visit London who do not go to see Westminster Abbey. Indeed its great antiquity, together with its associations with the distinguished names recorded there, and the illustrious persons buried there, render it one of the most solemn and interesting monuments of ancient and modern times. It is the pride of England, and Great Britain claims it as the monument of her power. Its intimate connection with the history of the world for the last eight centuries, gives it a character above all other institutions. I am not inclined to give England all the right, title, and claim to this renowned building. It is true that Milton, Dryden, Shakespeare, Watts, and other distinguished poets who contributed so much to the celebrity of Poet's Corner, were Englishmen; but when we reflect that their works have been disseminated throughout the world, that their poetry is sung wherever Christianity is preached; that the productions of Shakespeare are sought

by the civilized world, it will scarcely be conceded that England is entitled to an indefeasible right in all their glory. Westminster Abbey, with its memories and associations, is the pride of the world. The first church, erected by King Sebert, was afterward destroyed, and the next edifice was erected by Edward the Confessor, in A.D. 1055-1065. The Pyx house, 110 feet long, is all that now remains of this structure. Henry III., in 1220, built the principal part of the present existing abbey. The west front and its great window were the work of Richard III. and Henry VII., which completed the abbey, as it now stands, excepting the two western towers, which were the work of Sir Christopher Wren. It will be seen from this, that the abbey is the growth of several hundred years; in fact, of nearly one thousand. So antiquated is this institution in many respects, that it almost appears to be a part of the works of creation. More than four centuries ago it was visited by men for the same inspiration that it is to-day. It was an old abbey then; it is scarcely more to-day. It is true that in the last 300 years many new vaults have become the receptacles of illustrious dead; many new names in solemn epitaphs are inscribed upon its

walls, which add to its awe-inspiring power ; but its walls speak the same language now that they did then. Alexander, 500 years before the Christian era, visited the ruins of Troy to gain heroic inspiration, it being an ancient ruin then ; so many of the immortals whose names are inscribed within the abbey, visited it centuries ago, and formed thoughts that gild the pages of history in letters of living light. Addison, than whom none is more graceful and true, as a literary genius as well as a Christian philosopher, in A.D. 1711 wrote : " When I am in a serious humor, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey, where the gloominess of the place and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who live in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness that is not disagreeable. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me ; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out ; when I meet with the grief of parents on a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion ; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow.

When I see kings lying by those who deposed them ; when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind ; when I read the several dates of the tombs of some that died yesterday, and some 600 years ago, I consider that great day, when we shall all be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

A few years later Goldsmith wrote : "I am just returned from Westminster Abbey, the place of sepulture for the philosophers, heroes, and kings of England. What a gloom the monumental inscriptions, and all the venerable remains of deceased merits, inspired ! Imagine a temple marked with the hand of antiquity, solemn as religious awe, adorned with all the magnificence of barbarous profusion, dim windows, fretted pillars, long colonnades, and dark ceilings. Think, then, what were my sensations at being introduced to such a scene ! I stood in the midst of the temple, and threw my eyes around the walls filled with statues, the inscriptions and monuments of the dead. Alas ! I said to myself, how does pride attend the puny child of dust even to

the grave! Even humble as I am, I possess more consequence in the present scene than the greatest hero of them all! They have toiled for an hour to gain a transient immortality, and are at length retired to the grave, where they have no attendant but the worm, none to flatter but the epitaph."

Joseph Addison is remembered in Poets' Corner with a full-length statue, holding a scroll. Books are strewed at his feet, and around the pedestal are the nine muses. Near this is a beautiful tribute to Goldsmith, in the shape of a medallion profile. There are a number of chapels; one of the first is that of Henry VII. This contains all that remains of Mary, Queen of Scots, Henry VII., Queen Elizabeth, Caroline, and many other kings, queens, and princes. The next chapel that interested me was that of Edward the Confessor. This contains the sarcophagus of Edward the Confessor, who died A.D. 1065, and a whole line of English kings and queens down to Richard II. Having passed through the different apartments, taken a view of the chair in which the kings and queens are crowned, I made my exit, feeling strangely solemn after a few hours among the tombs of the

illustrious dead. Language affords no adequate means to give a more eloquent and glowing description than has already been given by others who have gone before. I may, then, well pause and ask myself, what can I say that would contribute an atom of praise to this great monument of antiquity, where rival kings, statesmen, poets, and literary geniuses lie side by side, and beheaded monarchs are in close proximity to their now harmless but once merciless persecutors, all silent in death? The abbey has been for ages, and is now, the "great magazine" in England for the preservation of the mortal part of her most illustrious, and it has become one of the chief pillars in literature. We deem it not an exaggeration to say that when the dust of the entombed dead that lie here shall have even perished; yea! when the sarcophagi shall have moldered to powder, and long after England's distinctive form of government shall have ceased to exist, Westminster Abbey and its associations will blaze on the pages of future history as it has glittered in the past.

CHAPTER XIII.

A PORTER FOUND—THE RIVER THAMES—TOWER OF LONDON—WHITE TOWER—ROYAL JEWELS, ETC.

AS we departed from the door of Westminster Abbey and turned our eyes to take a last lingering look upon its ancient walls and Gothic spires, and on the old stone steps worn by the tread of philosophers, statesmen, poets, kings, etc., for more than eight hundred years, many historical recollections were forced upon my mind which can never be erased. After a stroll through the abbey it is not strange that the inquiry should be, "Where shall I go next?" My watch told me it was just two o'clock P.M. (about breakfast-time in Chicago). I had no sooner reached the street from the abbey than a porter, who told me he had been born and raised in the city of London, and to add to his importance on this occasion, had been a newsboy, informed me that perhaps the next most interesting place to

an American would be the Tower. Having sympathy for newsboys, and knowing well that they could do what anybody else could, I took him at his word. Placing a half-crown in his hand he immediately informed me that "tuppence" would provide a conveyance to the nearest landing on the river Thames; the Tower being just three miles down the river from the abbey. Soon we were on board an omnibus; in five minutes more at the landing, and just in time to miss the first boat going in our direction. This gave me five minutes to view the Thames. The water has the appearance of that of the Mississippi; its current and width at this point are not very unlike East River, New York. The many historical incidents that rush into the memory from the time since the ancient Celt, Gaul, and Briton, with their small craft; the Romans, Greeks, and Phœnicians, with their boats, rowed up and down this river, and even since St. Paul made his first trip up to London, render it attractive, whatever may be its appearance. The docks are floating, and on them are erected substantial buildings wherein many people reside. The difference between low and high tide is eleven feet. One hour in the day

we would suppose we were passing through a well built-up street ; at another hour in the day we find it floating low in the current of the river. The Thames is the noblest river in England, and is said to be the most useful in Europe, and the most important commercial river in the world. Perhaps if the one who said this had seen the Amazon of South America, he would not have made the remark.

Tickets were purchased for "tup-pence" apiece (about equal to four cents), and myself and the porter were soon on board. In a few minutes the landing was announced, and a general rush made for the wharf ; I believe my porter was about the first on land, and soon wending his way through several narrow, crooked streets, at such a pace that it was difficult for me to keep my eye on him. After several minutes, putting his hand up, with an air of victorious assumption even greater than that of Columbus when he discovered America, or that of De Soto when he first saw the "Father of Waters," he exclaimed : "There is the Tower!" I wish I had not forgotten his name, that he might go down to posterity as one of the most gallant leaders I ever saw. It would appear that the

city of London was but a small portion of his dominion, and that for further conquest he would have fully equaled Xerxes in his descent upon the three hundred brave Spartans at the Pass of Thermopylæ.

To the right of us and the south-west of the Tower was a brick building, I think, in which I was informed that a ticket of admission to the armory and jewel-house could be had for one shilling. Leaving the porter without the gates I hastened to the office to procure a pass that would enable me to see one of the most remarkable structures, when its bloody history is considered, in the world. Behind the counter (I don't know what they call it here) stood a wise-looking man, called the chamberlain. I addressed him, "Sir, I desire to visit the Tower."

Said he: "The Tower is closed, and there will be no more visitors admitted to-day."

Having learned that the time for admitting visitors closed at four o'clock P.M., I inquired what time it was, and was informed that it just lacked thirty minutes till four, and as the time was near up and the day dark and foggy, and no lights allowed in the building, it would be entirely useless to go in, and so he refused to sell

me a ticket. Becoming anxious, I insisted that I had come some distance, and did not expect another opportunity soon; I remarked I must see the Tower at all hazards. During the controversy with the chamberlain several other strangers came in, also seeking for admission. This appeared to be in my favor; for the chamberlain now informed me that if I would take my own risk (which I assured him I would do), he would let me go through. This was joyous news to me. At this moment a stalwart-looking man appeared, who, from the style of badges and his broad sword and buckler, I took to be a sort of executioner. Assuming a wonderful dignity and savage look, he remarked: "Gentlemen, I have killed more men than any other person in England; I can take you through the Tower if you must go." After this expression from him, I was confirmed in my opinion; but as I had to see the Tower, I resolved to go with the half-dozen others who had arrived for the same object.

Following our new guide we were soon at Bloody Tower, which is the main entrance to the inner ward and White Tower. Now, again, I was doomed to disappointment. In place of one large building I found there were nineteen, six

of which are on the bank of the river in the outer ward, and twelve surrounding the inner ward, the White Tower forming the citadel in the center of the ward. The ground on which these ancient buildings are erected, is an eminence on the north bank of the river Thames. It is quadrilateral in form, and has an area of thirteen acres. Surrounding this eminence is a large ditch, which can be filled with water from the river. Between this moat, or ditch, and the river, in the space called the outer ward, there are six towers, named Middle, Byward, St. Thomas, Cradle, Well, and Develin, each having a history of its own, and all erected during the reign of Henry III. about the years 1216-72. Surrounding the inner ward are twelve towers, named respectively, Bloody, Bell, Beauchamp, Devereaux, Flint, Boyer, Brick, Jewel, Constable, Broad Arrow, Salt, and Record; and in the center of the inner ward is the White Tower. Of the towers of the outer ward, which is now immediately to our right, we will only notice St. Thomas. This forms the gateway from the river to the prison, and is called the Traitor's Gate, through which, we were told, when prisoners were brought they never returned. We were now conducted through Bloody Tower, where it

is said the two sons of Edward IV. were barbarously murdered. The White Tower was erected in the days of William the Conqueror, by Gundolph Bishop, of Rochester. It measures 116 feet from north to south, ninety-six feet from east to west, and is ninety-two feet high, and is by far the most important building within the inclosure, and contains the Horse armory, and the armory room of Queen Elizabeth. Both rooms contain the most curious, as well as elegant specimens of coats of mail of different Oriental countries, with figures, some on foot and some equestrian, wearing suits of armor from the time of Henry VI., 1422, to that of James II., 1685. Prominent among these is the effigy of Henry VIII. on horseback, with armor on, which was presented to him on his marriage to Catharine of Arragon, by the Emperor Maximilian. This would indicate one of the finest specimens of the *genus homo* the world has ever produced, and I was told that this was a likeness of that cruel tyrant of history. Near by this effigy is the black axe and the block on which Anne Boleyn was decapitated; both fit relics of the deeds perpetrated in the age of this monarch. Our guide instructed us not to touch this precious furniture,

but, notwithstanding this caution, the temptation became irresistible, and I could not help lifting the axe and feeling the block, on the touch of which I imagined I could feel the crevice made by that ugly axe that placed Anne's head upon one side and her lifeless trunk upon the other. To the opposite of these relics is a heavy iron door. This was opened by the guide with a mammoth key, and our especial attention called to it as the dungeon in which Sir Walter Raleigh was incarcerated for eleven years. At the mention of Raleigh's name, the fatal block not yet being wiped from our mind, this thought flashed : " What terrible news it must have been to Raleigh when it was announced that he must die. Here our guide said we must, of course, go into the dungeon, and no sooner had he spoken the words than I was inside, followed by the others. On entering this damp place the guide pulled the iron door shut, locked it, and bid us good-night. Not even a part of a ray of light was visible.. The two minutes we were shut in this dungeon rather altered my sentiments as above indicated, and I felt it must have been a grateful salutation to Raleigh on awakening from his slumbers in such a dungeon, to hear that his life

was about to be terminated. Quitting this, we passed into Queen Elizabeth's armory, which contains samples of the various implements of warfare used in her reign. At the end of this room is a figure representing Queen Elizabeth, mounted on a carved horse. In the west window we noticed a cross-bow used in the time of William the Conqueror. From thence we were conducted to the jewel house, and, the door being opened, we were met by an elderly lady, whose business it was to receive visitors and to explain the jewels and answer any questions that might be put, if she could. She seemed to have committed her piece well, but it was spoken so rapidly that here is all we remember: "The jewels are so arranged behind a screen as to form a pyramid, the crown of the present queen forming the apex. This is of gold, beautifully set with diamonds, and cost \$15,000,000. Another crown is that of St. Edward, and near it his staff of solid gold, four feet seven inches long, surmounted with an orb said to have been taken from the true cross of Christ. St. Edward's staff is carried before the king or queen on coronation day," and so on.

The Tower was first erected for a fortification, and afterward as a prison; but at present it is

used as a government store-house. The jewels were kept in Jewel Tower from time immemorial until 1842, when a new jewel house was completed, where they have since been kept. There are no epitaphs or monuments erected to illustrious dead, and, save a few rude inscriptions cut in rude letters by some unfortunate prisoners themselves, the walls are naked. If not held as sacred as Westminster Abbey, the Tower has also a history nearly as old. The former illuminates and the latter darkens the pages of the world's history.

From the gloomy walls of the Tower, rendered so interesting by its connection with history, and attractive by modern art, we took our departure, and passing through the barrack noticed a large cannon manufactured by the heathen Indian, which compared favorably with modern implements in that line in civilized Europe. Reaching the street I found the porter waiting where I had left him. It was now dark and raining, and we had three miles to go. Following him through several narrow, winding streets, we came to a restaurant, where, as nature demanded some refreshment, we entered, and after partaking of a hearty lunch, I requested the porter to take me to the Alhambra.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ALHAMBRA—FRIGHTENED PORTER—WHAT WE SAW AT THE ALHAMBRA—WHAT WE ESCAPED, ETC.

THE porter, without assigning a reason, remarked: "Don't go to the Alhambra, the Royal Halbert 'All (Albert Hall) is just completed, and I think you will be best entertained at the Halbert 'All."

As I did not care about the burlesque at the Alhambra, and was entirely ignorant of the character of opera bouffé, I should have taken the porter at his word, but for the fact that a friend had specially requested me to visit this place, and for the further consideration, that I had never in all my life witnessed a *ballet*. This was the turning point, and I resolved to see the Alhambra. Every attempt of the porter to weaken my determination proved in vain. Any move on his part to elude, only strengthened my resolution, and with that idea in view, our pace, which

quickened as the night grew darker and the rain increased, took us to the Alhambra too soon for the performance. A café near by, and, I presumed, on the spot where Horne Took's father kept a poultry yard, was sought as comfortable quarters to remain until the opening of the theater. I had no hand in the selection of a place, but had confidence in my guide ; and what he did on this occasion I regarded as proper, and, taking our seats, I imagined we had found the right place to rest our somewhat weary limbs. It is customary when you go into an eating-house in Europe to buy something through courtesy to the proprietor, and obedience to this established rule, called for a pie, which we did not need more than a wagon needs five wheels. While sitting and trying to enjoy the extra lunch, I observed the porter becoming intensely nervous and frequently casting a glance toward a suspicious-looking individual who sat on the opposite side of the room. I was watching the porter, and the stranger also, but neither of them knew it. My guide apparently could stand it no longer, and jumping to his feet, after inquiring the time of the clock, whispered in my ear these words : " We are watched."

Unconscious of having committed any crime, and less conscious of danger, I could not avoid becoming indignant when I thought of the whispered words: hence, said I with emphasis:

“How, and for what are we watched? We have done nothing to be ashamed of, and need have no fears.”

He repeated: “We must go!”

He started and I followed him to the door, I wondering what mystery should soon be revealed. On reaching the middle of the street, I required an explanation of his very singular conduct, and what do you think the answer was?

“We are watched.”

My indignation now gave way to anger, and I said, “If you are a thief escaping justice that is not known to me; if your self-condemnation makes the officers a terror to you I can not help that; for myself I am unconscious of having done anything to render me amenable to law, obnoxious to the people, or afraid of the officers—please show me the Alhambra,” which he did, and two tickets for the dress-circle were purchased at two shillings each, and we were soon seated within one of the most elegant music-halls within the great city. Architecturally, it is of the

Moorish style, in imitation of the Alhambra of Granada. The audience-room will comfortably seat 6,000 persons, but only contained about 600 on our arrival. In a few minutes, however, the pleasure-seekers came rushing in, until within half an hour after our entrance there were fully 3,000 persons present. I think that many would have answered had their names been called when the curtain raised to disclose the first scene in the burlesque. I have forgotten the name of the play, but remember that the principal character in the performance was a dignitary from India, who was old, infirm, tattooed, and as drunk as Bacchus. Another prominent character was a beautiful English lady, who sadly neglected her excellent husband to do homage to the tattooed Indian, because he was a dignitary at home. I also noticed that brains and high culture were not shown to advantage, while quite a number of parties without either, and whose only merit was beauty of form, spared no pains to show their fine points. This was carried to such an extent as to receive a severe rebuke from the *London Times* next morning. How unlike America, thought I, where beauty and modesty so frequently go together; and brains and culture

often drive both men and women to the front. I attribute this seeming inconsistency to the distinguished bard whose remarkable tendency to shrink from the public gaze is stamped upon the English character. To say the least, there was considerable human nature in the play ; but I was so determined to see the *ballet*, that to me it had little attraction. There was a little episode in the entertainment worth telling, I think. A gentleman, or one whom we call such, well-dressed, about thirty-five years of age, had on an untarnished silk hat ; he was rather good-looking, but from his awkward gait and slight swaggering manner, we took him to be a little intoxicated. In this I may have been mistaken. Well, he stepped down into the dress-circle, took a seat in close proximity to myself, and rendering himself very familiar, struck me a light tap with his elbow, at the same time looking me in the face with a side glance, remarked : "They say the Alhambra is the greatest place in London." I answered "Yes," very quietly. He then attempted to enter into conversation with me, and it was with the greatest difficulty I could avoid being disagreeable, half believing that I was in juxtaposition with a grand scoundrel of some

sort. Yet I kept a close watch upon the actors while he was trying to point out the features of the building and the merits of the play. The *sang froid* manner on my part was more than my porter on my left, could stand, and said he: "Let us go." Said I: "I propose to stay to see the ballet, if it will not render it too late." Said he: "You don't care anything about it; it is only a dance by a lot of young ladies." "Well," said I, "wait till half-past nine o'clock, and if they do not then come to the ballet I will go with you." "All right," said he. At this point in the play the Indian prince came in drunk again, and the nobles, ladies, and princes paid their attentions to him. Indeed, a duke's wife had the audacity to hug and kiss this old black, drunken, tattooed Indian. I had really just begun to see the point in the play, when the stranger at my right pointed to the stage and leaned toward me to call my attention to some special attraction, when my porter became nervous. In fact, this was more than he could stand. He jumped up and deliberately took his seat between us and said: "You don't care about this play; let us go." "But," said I, "we must see the ballet." I don't know whether the play stopped

during the interim of five minutes, for I scarcely looked that way any more, but looking around I saw the eyes of the audience upon us. Having done nothing to merit such notice, I unconsciously, as it were, held my head up, and sat boldly erect. After a minute or so looking around to my right, I found that the stranger had sunk in his seat, then gathering himself up he stole out of the circle, the eyes of the audience upon him, until he had disappeared in the crowd behind. The porter again insisted that I must go. Said he: "You are watched." Becoming impatient with his repeated solicitations, disgusted with the burlesque, and almost forgetting that in an hour more the ballet-dance would take place, I consented, and arm-in-arm we started, the porter continually looking to the right and left in great agitation, while I could not help but smile at the scene. Gaining the street the nervous porter said: "I would prefer not to walk home with you. Get a cab which will take you to the hotel for one shilling." Taking my seat in the cab, the gallant porter demanded another half-crown, which, after some hesitation, I paid. He now seemed to be happy, and I drove off to the hotel, and retired to my room, there to meditate

whether I had actually been beset with desperadoes, or whether this was a trick of the porter to get double wages for his day's work. This I have not yet decided; but I do know that I have just as much knowledge now of a ballet-dance as I had in the first year of my childhood.

CHAPTER XV.

PALACE OF WESTMINSTER—HOUSE OF COMMONS—
WESTMINSTER HALL—CRYSTAL PALACE—EGYPTIAN COURT—LINCOLN'S INN.

SATURDAY, December 12th.—Somewhat amused, but more disgusted, with the experience of yesterday at the Alhambra, it will not appear strange that I should spend this day amid scenes of a different character. As “too great familiarity breeds contempt,” so “gravity succeeds mirth,” and “disgusting scenes impel to nobler acts.” The homely maxims had more than usual force with me to-day. I concluded to visit the two Houses of Parliament—which, I learned, occupied a part of what is now called the New Palace of Westminster.

The national council of the British Isles was not in session, both Houses having been prorogued until February, 1875. How I did wish her Majesty would call a special session for my benefit, that I might gratify my vanity in beholding the chief dignitaries of the realm. I never

could have had such exalted ideas, but for the fact that accident had brought me in contact with Mr. David Chadwick, the member of Parliament from Manchester, whose "big heart" prompted him to say: "If you will call at my office, No. 66 Moorgate Street, when Parliament is in session, I will take pleasure in conducting you through both Houses, introducing you to the members thereof." I presume he had heard me say before this that it was not possible for me to remain until that time. I, at all events, declined this proffered honor, not forgetting, however, to thank him, and his equally generous colleague, Mr. Crossley, from Lancashire, for the condescension, and yielding the pleasure of witnessing the Assembly of Great Britain—not willingly, but on the principle that what can not be, ought not to be.

I started on foot, and in less than an hour was passing to the right of the Peers' entrance, when my friendly, but somewhat excitable porter, appeared and proffered his assistance to show me through. This offer I failed to regard favorably, and entering the chamberlain's office, was handed a pass, and informed that I was now at liberty to view the Palace without paying for the luxury.

In a few minutes I was in the House of Commons, which is a room forty-five feet wide by seventy-five feet long, and forty-five feet high to the ceiling, with seats arranged to face the Speaker's chair, which is at the north end of the room, and bears England's coat-of-arms. I now looked for the woolsack, but found occupying its place the table so rudely handled by Cromwell. Passing from this into and through various apartments open to the public, a room was entered ninety feet in length, forty-five in height, which I regarded as gorgeous, if not perfect, in its proportions and decorations, but, perhaps, would not have known, had I not been told, that this was, without doubt, the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in Europe. The windows are all filled with stained glass, with figures representing the kings and queens, from William the Conqueror to William IV. At the south end of the room is the throne of Great Britain, which was approached without the formality of bowing, kneeling, or taking off hats. The central portion of the throne is elevated three steps, and the sides two, and covered with a carpet of the richest velvet, the ground of which is a bright scarlet interwoven with roses and lions

alternately. In the center is the queen's chair, which in outline is similar to that used for the coronation, but its ornaments and decorations will at once cause the observer to point this out as her Majesty's State chair. The one on the right hand of this is reserved for the Prince of Wales, and that on the left for the late Prince Consort; the whole being covered by a gilded canopy with appropriate insignia, producing an effect for richness and grandeur beyond conception. The room is called the House of Lords.

Leaving this, we were conducted to Westminster Hall, the *aula regis* of history, the traditions of which were the chief cause of selecting this site for the new palace, and are scarcely less interesting, the abbey excepted, than any other ancient building in London. This hall was first built by William II., usually called William Rufus, in the year 1097, for a banqueting hall. In 1299 the hall was seriously injured by fire, but restored to its present beauty by Richard II., whose deposition was the first public act after its restoration. Its length is 290 feet; width, 68 feet, and height, 90 feet. The roof which spans the hall, and has stood for five hundred years, is constructed with great mechanical skill, and hardly

surpassed by any work of the present age. On New Year's day, 1236, Henry III. feasted six thousand people in this place. From the year 1224 to the present time, a period of nearly seven hundred years, the law courts of England have been held there, but are soon to be removed to some new buildings erected near Lincoln's Inn. Could these old walls talk, what a story they would tell! In this hall Cromwell was installed Lord Protector, and a few years later, his own head was exposed on a pole. Here Sir Thomas More was condemned to die; here the murderers of Charles I. sat in judgment upon that monarch, who but a short time before witnessed here the trial and sentence of his faithful friend, Stafford. These same walls witnessed the sentence of Warren Hastings, and the coronation feast of George IV. The last great lawsuit was the Tichborne trial, known throughout the world. How long this hall shall yet stand to register incidents and events, or how many deeds of atrocity it shall yet reveal, is not known to the writer.

As sight-seers, like pleasure-hunters, are never satisfied, on leaving the ancient hall of Westminster, I followed the guide, who led the way

into St. Stephen's Hall ; that would have little interested me had I not been informed that this stood on the site of, and was of, the same dimensions as St. Stephen's Chapel, which had the following history connected with it :

" It was founded by King Stephen as the chapel of the Royal Palace somewhere in the eleventh or twelfth century ; was rebuilt by Edward II., A.D. 1330, in the rich architecture of that period, and is said to be cotemporary with St. Chappelle, of Paris, both having been built for the benefit of the royal families, and were attached to the palaces of the sovereigns. For several centuries this hall had been appropriated to the use of Parliament, but scarcely any of its original beauty survived the great fire of 1834."

Underneath this hall I was conducted into St. Stephen's Crypt, which is eight hundred years old, retains its original beauty, and must have been built at or about the same time of St. Chappelle, of Paris. We came to this conclusion from the fact that they both look alike. Mr. Pettigrew, a distinguished antiquarian, dug out of a recess in one of these walls a body, which, upon examination, appeared to be as soft and natural as life ; yet, from the name and date en-

graved on the sarcophagus, it must have lain there for more than four hundred years. The body was identified as that of Stephen Lyndwode, Bishop of St. David's, Keeper of the Privy Seal to Henry VI., and must have died about the year 1446, some thirty years before Columbus discovered America. I concluded that a great imposition had been practiced on Mr. Pettigrew, or that the English, like the Egyptians, once had an art of embalming now lost to the world. So positive was the English nation, however, that this was the body of the chancellor to Henry VI., that it was removed to the abbey "for a more decent burial" among the distinguished historians, poets, and statesmen of the kingdom. If the incredulous reader will go to Westminster Abbey he will now find Stephen Lyndwode numbered among the illustrious dead buried there.

From the crypt we started toward our hotel through Chancery Lane—and from the numerous solicitors' signs and law offices and gentlemen with wigs and togas observed in this lane, I felt assured that in a technical and legal (if not moral) sense, it was properly named. I had scarcely noted this fact before my attention was called to Lin-

coln's Inn, which, with its extensive square, gardens, halls, and temples, should be, to the legal fraternity at least, one of the most interesting places in London. But at this day a man among the multifarious robed and wigged barristers, would scarcely think of Sir William Blackstone, much less of the Inns of Court so famous and popular in the days of Sir Francis Bacon and his contemporaries. This inn was so-called by the Earl of Lincoln, who built a stately mansion here in the latter part of the thirteenth century. Its chief interest, at the present day, may be attributed to its associations with legal lore, its beautiful gardens, and the Lincoln's Inn Fields, where were the residences of Lords Erskine, Kenyon, Sommers, Spenser, Mansfield, Thurlow, Sir Thomas More, Oliver Cromwell, and many other distinguished Englishmen.

The most interesting of the Inns of Court is the Temple. This is so called from the Knights Templar who removed hither from Holborn in 1174. These few observations completed our tour for this day, and we returned to a hotel.

At the present day the Temple contains a royal library, and is used to qualify men for practicing before the various courts in the king-

dom. Members of the Temple have full authority to say who shall and who shall not practice law in Great Britain; and whosoever is prohibited from membership in the Temple, is also disqualified as a barrister before the courts; and many men distinguished for their legal learning and force of character are made to feel the force of this power, of whom the late Mr. Keneally is, perhaps, the last illustrious example.

December 13th being Sunday, I rested, as most Londoners do. The streets are as quiet as in Plymouth, Ind. There seems to be nothing to break the monotony except an occasional tramp of an army of children passing to and from Sunday-school. These children were well clad, and looked cheerful and intelligent. I think there is no place in the world where children are better cared for than in London, especially boys.

On December 14th, a visit to the Crystal Palace was considered in order, and for that purpose my porter was on hand precisely at eight o'clock A.M., to show the way. Proceeding immediately to Victoria Station, we took the train, and in a few minutes were at the eighth wonder of the world. Presenting our tickets, which we had purchased beforehand at two shillings and

sixpence apiece, the gates were opened and we were shown down a long colonnade, which leads to the Egyptian Court, which contains the most perfect specimens of Egyptian architecture and art of the time of Rameses the Great, twelve hundred years before Christ, and until Ptolemy V., two hundred years B.C. Here are evidences that this ancient, but now almost extinct, race had attained a high degree of civilization.

The visitor will next be conducted through the Greek and Roman courts, where can be seen the most remarkable specimens of Grecian and Roman art. A room is allotted to the production of ancient and medieval periods of every country, as well as of the isles of the ocean. The marine aquarium contains 130,000 gallons of sea-water and a curious collection of various sea animals. The industrial department reveals the finest specimens of art of every country and nation in the world. The numerous illustrations of extinct animals furnish a better study for the zoologist than the British Museum itself. In the various departments of this inclosure may be found groups of life-like statuary, representing families of different nationalities, savage and

civilized, with specimens of art surrounded by the natural scenery of the country.

A family of Fiji Islanders, surrounded with the tropical plants and scenery of those islands, will at once convey the traveler thither without the necessity of a voyage. The group of Sandwich Islanders will conduct you to Honolulu in one minute. In fact, in three hours in this palace, an observer can visit China, Japan, the various countries of Asia and Africa, and obtain a fair knowledge of the different races. I speak from experience. One should not omit to notice the beautiful park, with its fountains and decorations, which surrounds the building. The innumerable specimens of nature and art here, and the palace itself, are so remarkable as alone to be worth a visit to Europe. That the reader may have a faint idea of its size, I here give the statement of Mr. Shenton in his "Guide to the Palace:" "The whole length of the main building is 1,608 feet, and the wings 574 feet each, making a length of 2,756 feet, which, with the 720 feet in the colonnade leading from the railway station to the wings, gives a total length of 3,476 feet, or nearly three-quarters of a mile of ground, covered with a transparent roof of glass. The total length of

columns employed in the construction of the main building and wings would extend, if laid in a straight line, a distance of $16\frac{1}{4}$ miles. The total weight of iron used in the main building and wings amounts to 9,641 tons and 17 cwt. $\frac{1}{4}$ quarter. The superficial quantity of glass used is 25 acres, and weighs 500 tons—if the panes were laid side by side, they would extend to a distance of 48 miles; if end to end, to the almost incredible length of 242 miles."

To-morrow we start for the Continent.

CHAPTER XVI.

ABOARD FOR PARIS—CHISELHURST—DOVER—ENGLISH CHANNEL—CALAIS—AMIENS—PARIS.

TUESDAY morning, December 15th, at precisely a quarter to eight, I was seated in the cars at Victoria Station, London, awaiting the sound of the whistle which was to notify all on board that in a few minutes the train would start for Dover, and likewise to inform those not on board that it is their duty to be there forthwith. It is not unusual at this critical moment to see some confusion among those who are a little late—have forgotten something, or have left their valuables, and are in doubt as to whether the railroad company will accommodate them by keeping the train and the rest of the passengers waiting until they perform that which ought to have been done an hour before; but nothing of this kind was apparent here. The only incident

occurring which contributed to the amusement of the lookers-on was a gentleman to my left in the car, and another outside, of different nationalities, in a boisterous conversation. Neither seemed to understand the other; but, from the expression of their countenances and movements of their limbs, both were evidently contending for the same seat, the one claiming by right of occupancy and the other by right of purchase; but just as the gentleman outside seemed about to procure an ejectment without first obtaining a writ, the guard settled the matter by informing the gentleman inside that he had been imposed upon, and that he could find a seat in another car which would be just as comfortable. This had the desired effect, and the one inside, with a smile on his countenance, immediately took his valise in hand and departed for another car, and the confidence man occupied the vacated seat. It is unnecessary to say that this was a mere trick on the part of the guard to settle a dispute between two parties who could not do it for themselves.

The whistle now indicated that all was ready, and we were on the road to Dover, stopping a short time at Chiselhurst. There is nothing remarkable about the latter place other than the

wild and picturesque appearance of the country surrounding, and the further fact, that when Paris became too hot for Napoleon III., this place became his temporary residence, and is now the residence of the Empress. Within three miles of Dover two tunnels are passed through, one being one and a quarter and the other one mile in length, reminding us somewhat of the tunnel through the Alleghany mountains, only that it is longer. On emerging from the second tunnel the traveler gets the first glimpse of Dover, rendered memorable by its being the place where Julius Cæsar attempted to land his army on his first invasion of Great Britain. In modern times it is celebrated as being the chief port of communication between England and the continent. Our time at this point was too short to permit a visit to the old castle, which is east of Dover, the erection of which was commenced in the Roman age. The boat which was to take us across the English Channel was awaiting the train, and passengers and baggage were soon transferred, and all moving in the direction of Calais.

I took my position on the deck, and entered into conversation with a gentleman who said he

was from Boston, had been traveling eighteen months at an expense of five thousand dollars, and had six months of sea-sickness. Having myself made one trip around the lakes in America, and one voyage across the Atlantic, without being more than introduced to this much-to-be-dreaded malady, I had gained confidence in myself to reply that I thought the will had much to do with sea-sickness, and all that was needed to prevent it, in most cases, was a little resolution. Scarcely had these words escaped me when my new-made Boston acquaintance deliberately commenced imitating a sick patient treated by a botanic physician to a heavy dose of lobelia. On looking around I saw most of the passengers going through the same gestures. Fearing that I might give offense, and almost losing confidence in the philosophy I advanced, the subject was changed. It is strange, though not infrequent, that the strongest faith is sometimes shaken under peculiar circumstances. However, I entered the port at Calais, safe, without being doomed to the experience of most persons crossing the Straits. Here, for the first time in my life, I fully realized the fact of being in a foreign land. New manners, new customs, new people,

and, in fact, a new atmosphere opening up to view.

On stepping ashore in France a man asked me, "What name?" Supposing him to be a custom-house officer, I told him, and he laughed. Noticing that he exercised some muscles of the face that people do in Indiana when they are pleased, it really pleased me, although I felt provoked afterward by my credulity. In a few minutes I was aboard a French car destined for Paris, and having now lost all trace of any one I had ever seen or heard of, I amused myself for a short time viewing the car, which I found to be very similar in construction to those in England, and very much like the American stage-coach. The material used in the upholstering was of a quality to render it more comfortable than the public vehicles to which we Americans are accustomed; but, as in England, there are no stoves set in them for heating. It is customary to carry rugs and overcoats in winter traveling, of which two strangers in the same car, and my only companions, had an abundant supply. Cosily en-sconced, we were soon upon our journey—such a one as I have never had the pleasure of enjoying before.

I found one of my companions a cultured gentleman, and minister to China, and the other a leading military officer who was returning to his post at Malta, after a furlough of some days. Both companions were possessed of a rich fund of information, which they spread out to advantage and to my entire satisfaction, until Amiens was announced by a voice which could not be mistaken for a Frenchman.

Amiens is an ancient city, situated on the river Somme, seventy miles north of Paris, and is most noted for its great cathedral, commenced A.D. 1220, and completed in 1288, and which is said to be the most magnificent in Europe.

It was at Amiens that Peter the Hermit was born in the year 1050. Here I learned that there was an opportunity to obtain refreshments, and, stepping out of the cars into an eating-house, called here a *restaurateur*, I obtained that which most resembled an apple fritter in America, but much more delicious and larger. I thought it the best lunch I had ever eaten. When the repast was finished I made no inquiries, but drawing some English pennies from my pocket, the lady in charge remarked, "Dix centimes," equal to two sous, or two cents, for which she accepted

an English penny. Astonished at the excellence and cheapness of the fare, I should have returned to my car satisfied that France was the best and cheapest place to live in the world, so far as I have seen the world, and should have returned home with the same notion, had it not been for the everlasting dread of horse meat.

In less than two hours we reached Paris. It was then about 10 o'clock at night, and, as usual in passing from one country to another, we were run into the custom-house, where all our trunks had to be submitted to a careful scrutiny. Having passed the French *role*, a gate was opened, and I passed out. I knew it to be a gate from first meeting with resistance and afterward with a free exit. I could not have known it in any other way, for not a man was there now that could utter anything but the aspirated French language, my quondam companions having been passed out before. An omnibus was in waiting, which I stepped into. I could tell this from the voice of the drivers, for, I believe, that like the famous barn-fowl whose crowing is the same in India, China, and America, so the business voice is the same, whether it is in Chicago, New York, London, Paris, or Yokohama. Seated now, the at-

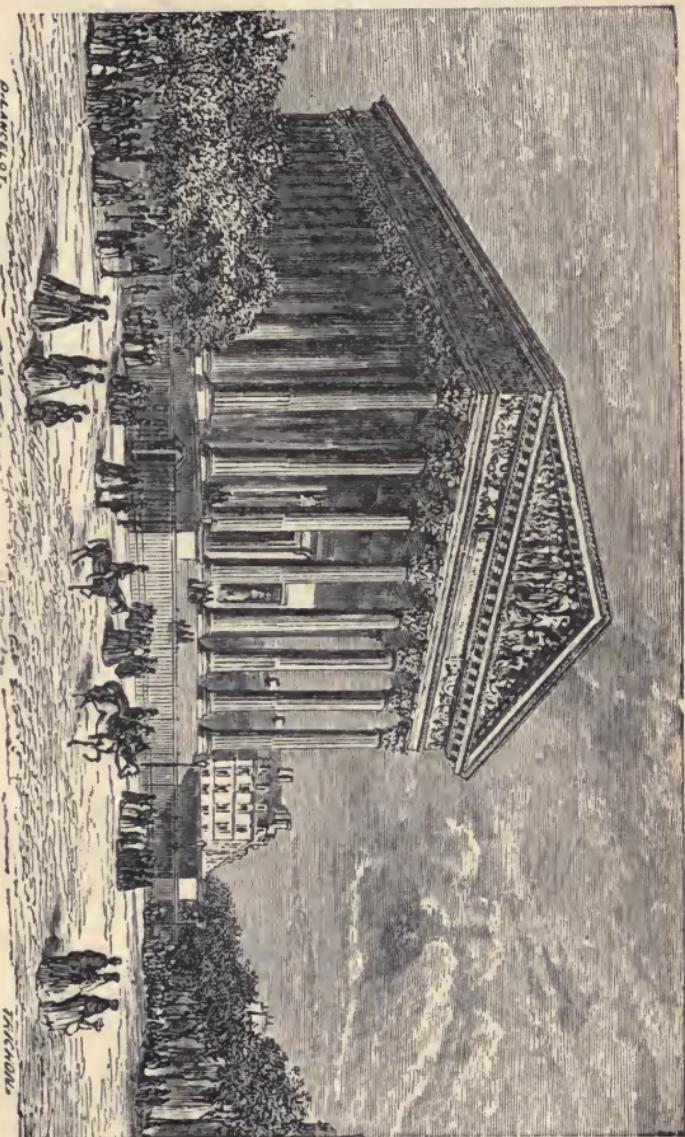
tendant at the back-door of the vehicle stepped forward and said : "Un franc." I said, "Grand Hotel." Finding the carriage would not move, I handed him a Napoleon, a gold coin equal to four dollars, which was the only French coin I had ; in a few minutes he returned with my change, retaining one extra franc for his trouble, and I was then rapidly conveyed to the Grand Hotel, No. 12 Boulevard des Capucins, Paris. The carriage, or omnibus, drives into the ground floor of the hotel, where you dismount, register, engage rooms, have baggage taken care of, step into an elevator and go to your apartment, and telegraph for what you want. I telegraphed for supper, which was prepared at the grand café in twenty minutes. But the gorgeously furnished room had not the effect to erase from the mind the idea of horse-flesh, and I partook of a light supper, returned to my room, where I retired behind the silken curtains of a satin-covered bed.

CHAPTER XVII.

PARIS—MADELEINE—RUE DE RIVOLI—LOUVRE—
PLACE DE LA CONCORDE—CHAMPS D' ELYSÉES
— ARC DE TRIOMPHE — TUILLERIES — NOTRE
DAME.

ON the following morning I arose much refreshed, partook of an early breakfast, returned to my room, found a guide-book of the city and card with compliments of the proprietor of the Grand Hotel; but on opening it found, to my chagrin, that it was written in the French language, and hence was at a loss to know precisely what to do. Returning to the street floor of the hotel to get some information as to how one day could be expended in the city to the best advantage, I met a porter, known in Paris as a commissionnaire, who could speak fluently the English, French, and German languages, who informed me that he would show me around. Having now secured a guide, I informed him that the first place on my programme was the

Madeleine. This grand structure is of Grecian architecture, and with its colonnade of fifty-two Corinthian columns and the entablature and ceiling richly adorned with elaborate sculpture, at once impresses the visitor with historical recollections of the temples of Theseus and Minerva at Athens. The entrance is reached by a flight of twenty-eight stone steps, extending the whole length of the façade. On entering this edifice, the eye of the stranger is bewildered with the richness of the wall, and the paintings. At each corner and in front of the altar, on a pedestal, there kneels an archangel in prayer. As we approached this sacred shrine, and were near the archangel on the right, an aged devotee arose from his devotions; his grave and dignified manner and whitened locks lent enchantment to the sacred altar. The Madeleine is not usually the first place visited by strangers, but as it was but a short distance from our hotel, the guide also suggested that as the starting point. Not satisfied with the traditions of the Madeleine as received from my companion, I sought the Galignani Library, No. 224 Rue de Rivoli, where, from Galignani's "Paris Guide," a book which every one visiting Paris ought to buy, I found



Church of the Madeleine.

AS WE APPROACHED THE SACRED SHRINE, AN AGED DEVOTEE AROSE FROM HIS
DEVOTIONS, HIS GRAVE AND DIGNIFIED MANNER AND WHITENED LOCKS
LENDING ENCHANTMENT TO THE ALTAR.

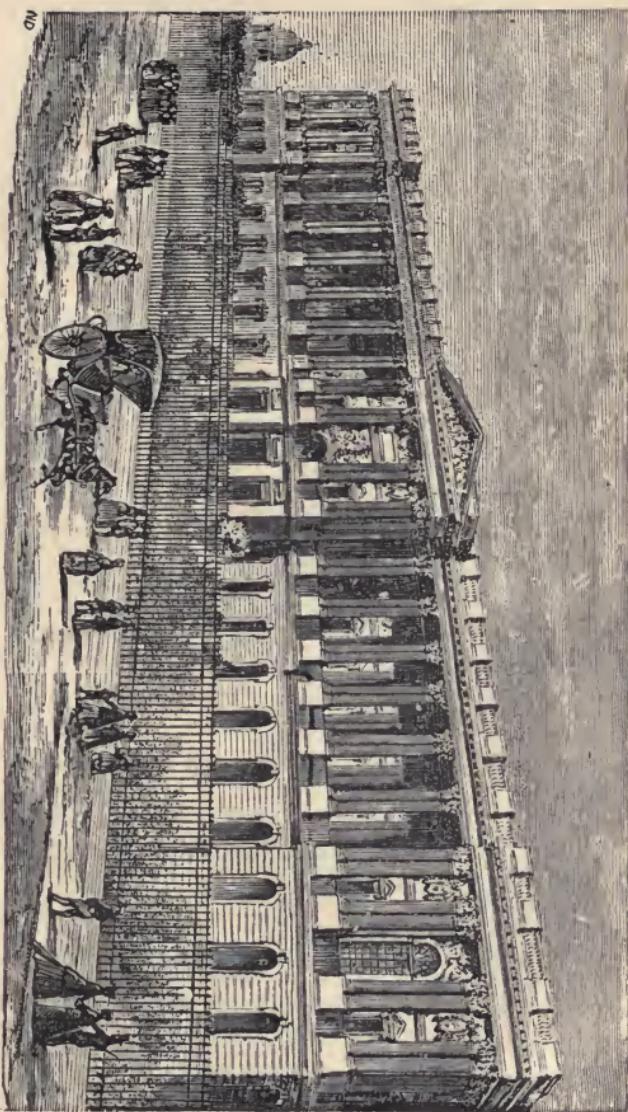
that the Madeleine is, since the beginning of the thirteenth century, the fourth church erected on this site.

The present magnificent structure was commenced in 1764, by Constant d' Ivry, and continued by Couture. The revolution of 1789 suspended the works until Napoleon I. directed Vignon to complete it for a Temple of Glory. In 1845, Louis XVIII. restored it to its original design, and decreed that it should contain monuments to Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Louis XVII. and Mademoiselle Elizabeth. It was finished under Louis Philippe by M. Huve. This edifice, the total cost of which amounted to 13,079,000 francs, stands on an elevated basement 138 by 328 feet.

The impression made upon the visitor differs materially from that made upon entering St. Paul's at London. In the latter the hand of the great modern architect has well-nigh obscured the ancient Norman features, and in the former the ancient Greek, no doubt by them borrowed from Egypt, have been carefully preserved. This was Napoleon's great work in adding to the beauty of Paris. Napoleon sleeps the sleep of death, and is shorn of all power, but in this edifice much

of his glory remains. The Rue de Rivoli is a great artery extending from the Place de la Bastile, a distance of two miles, and, like Oxford Street in London, furnishes a guide to the stranger. On this is situated the Palace and Garden of the Tuilleries, Place Napoleon III., Place du Carousel, and Palais du Louvre, all memorable in history. This is a beautiful street, and aside from the real palaces, the hotels and business houses thereon are royally adorned.

The Louvre contains the museum of Greek and Roman Antiquities, and collections from all parts of the world. In the collection of statuary, we noticed Powers' original Greek Slave, so world renowned. The museum did not quite equal the British; but the gallery of paintings at the Louvre is not equaled elsewhere on earth. The room containing the paintings is called the Galerie d' Apollon and was appropriated to its present use in 1787. This is 184 feet in length, and 28 feet in width. Here is the grandest display of paintings from the old masters known to man, many of the pictures having been purchased at fabulous prices. My guide informed me that one picture from Raphael Lanzio, 1483, cost \$30,000. Here the glory of Italy shines through the



Colonnade of the Eastern end of the Louvre.

AFTER VIEWING THE LOUVRE, WITH THE MIND LINGERING UPON THE ANCIENT WORKS OF THE ARTISTS CONTAINED THEREIN, I RELUCTANTLY TOOK MY LEAVE.



canvases of Paolo Correggio, Guercino, Carracci, Tintoretti, Sarto, Vinci, and Raphael, whose skillful hands ceased to ply the pencil more than 300 years ago. Spain is honored by the work of Murillo; Belgium, through Van Dyk, Rubens, and Dow. Holbein, in his portrait of Erasmus, will be recognized by every German, and France is adorned by her own Poussin and Le Sœur. The fascinating effect produced by the display of artistic merit in this gallery can never be wholly erased from the mind.

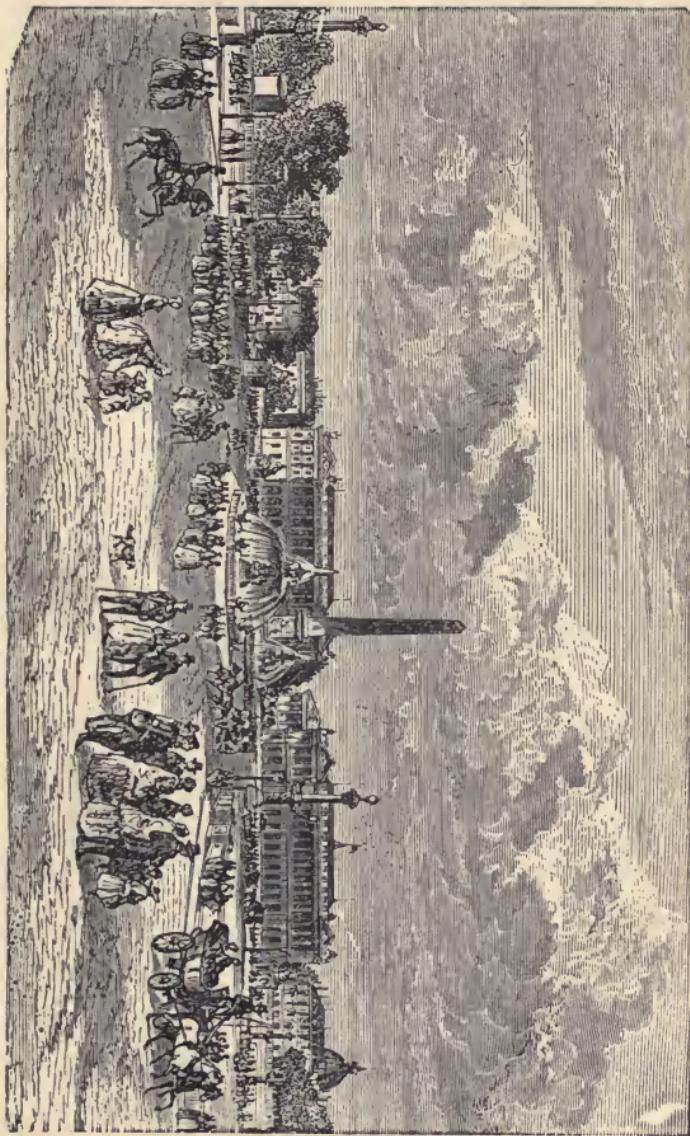
An occasional vacant place occurs among the paintings on the walls, and upon inquiring as to the cause, I was informed that these vacancies were once occupied by portraits of Napoleon III. which had been executed by eminent artists, and that the frenzy of the Commune would not permit a portrait of that unfortunate monarch to remain visible anywhere. No words were too strong for my guide to use in expressing his condemnation of the work of the Commune, or for his admiration of the fallen monarch. He endeavored to impress upon me that the liberties of the French people were better protected under the rule of Napoleon III. than under the Government of Thiers. Verily, thought I, the

French must be a rash as well as peculiar people; but as I looked upon the massive brows of a number of leading men, whose very countenances sparkled with great genius, I could not but conclude that if at this hour the Government was in a critical situation, it was not for want of ability, but rather because of the many conflicting elements to be reconciled.

The love of liberty is as plainly stamped upon the Frenchman's face as upon the American, and if he should ever lose it, it will not be for want of courage. The French are a brave people.

After viewing the Louvre, and with the mind lingering upon the magnificent works of the artist, I reluctantly took my leave and proceeded to the Place de la Concorde *via* the Rue de Rivoli. This beautiful square was once adorned with a statue in honor of Louis XIV.; but by order of the legislative Assembly in 1792, it was melted and molded into cannon and two-sou pieces; a statue of liberty was made of plaster, and erected upon the pedestal, and in front a guillotine was established, and the square called Place de la Révolution. In 1800 it was, by a decree of the Assembly, named Place de la Concorde, as now. Aside from the beautiful fountains which adorn this

VIEW OF PLACE DE LA CONCORDE— OBELISK OF LUXOR, FOUNTAIN, ETC.

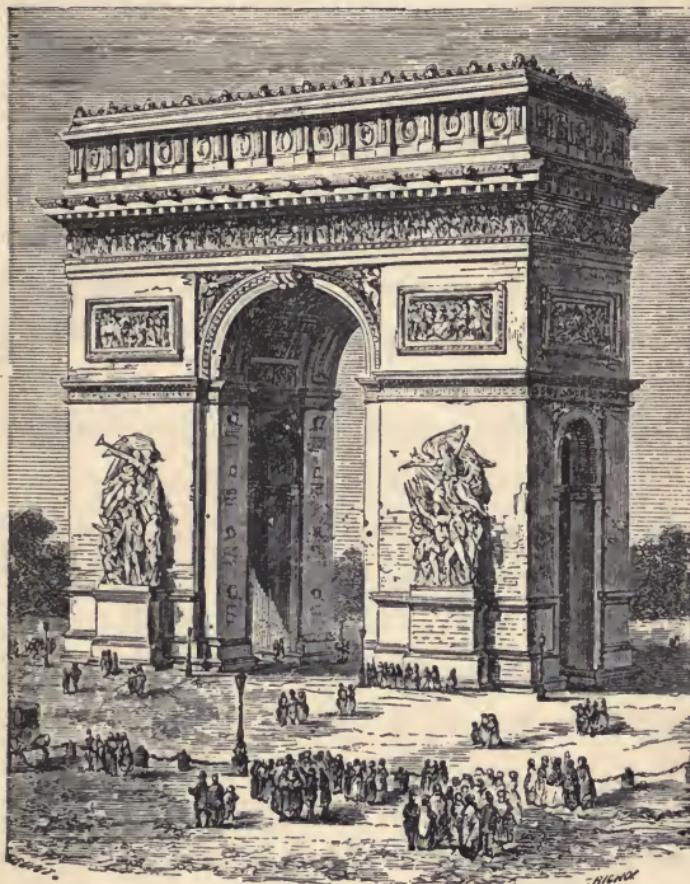


spot, memorable to every Frenchman as well as historical, here stands the Obelisk of Rameses III. of the 18th Egyptian dynasty; better known in history as the great Sesostris. This monolith is said to be seventy-two feet and three inches high, seven feet six inches square at its base, and five feet four inches square at its top. The Obelisk is formed of the finest red syenite, and covered on each face with three lines of hieroglyphic inscriptions commemorative of Sesostris. That is what Galignani says. I find that it requires some credulity to get information, otherwise I might have regarded this as a Cardiff giant imposition. To the east and along the banks of the River Seine, is the Champs Elysées, through which a beautiful avenue of the same name passes and extends to the Arc de Triomphe de l' Etoile, which, though one mile distant, is plainly to be seen from this grand promenade. The Champs Elysées is now the fashionable resort, and has been for the last century.

Standing on the Avenue des Champs Elysées, surrounded with fountains adorned with water nymphs and dolphins, held by as many Tritons and Nereids, the column of Rameses to the left, the Triumphal Arch to the right, as you

glance with the eye you have in mind the long interval of 4,000 years, from Sesostris the Great, in whose time Egypt was in the zenith of her glory, to Napoleon I., who marched triumphantly into Paris, and was accorded the emperor's crown.

What memories crowded the imagination ! What kingdoms, despotisms, and republics came before the mind. The moss-covered, weather-beaten pyramid of Sesostris, and the obelisk of Luxor now before us, are but fragments of that Egyptian civilization. Since that monolith was taken from the quarry and the 1,600 hieroglyphic characters were carved upon it by the skillful hand of the Egyptian engraver, Cadmus invented and carried the alphabet to Greece, and there a government was established, which for poetry, statesmanship, philosophy, architecture, and oratory, is unrivaled even at the present time. Yet that era of Grecian enlightenment was more than 2,000 years ago. The government of the Romans, which flourished for 1,400 years, and 1,800 years ago was mistress of the world, is only known in history. On the fragments of these have risen and fallen other nationalities, until the civilization of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries has eclipsed them all.



TRIUMPHAL ARCH OF L'ETOILE.

The dynasty of Sesostris passed away thousands of years ago, and the great Napoleon lies powerless in death; but in the obelisk the splendor of the former gleams, and in the Triumphal Arch the glory of the latter appears. With these pleasant reflections I returned along the quay of the Tuilleries and the Louvre to the Boulevard de Sebastopol. This gave me a fine view of the noble Seine, which has coursed its way through the city for nineteen centuries. I had also a fine view of the garden and palace of the Tuilleries. This palace is inscribed on almost every page of the history of the Revolution of 1791. It continued to be the Imperial residence until recently. It was set on fire by the Commune in May, 1871. Crossing the river to La Cite gave me the opportunity of visiting the cathedral of Notre Dame. The precise date of this grandest of all grand edifices of old Europe is unknown.

There was evidently a temple erected here in the time of the Romans, or shortly after Julius Cæsar visited the place. History records that on this site a church was erected to St. Stephen in the time of Valentine I., A.D. 365, and rebuilt by Childebert in 522. Robert, son of Hugh

Caput, about A.D. 1000, undertook its reconstruction, and the first stone was laid by Pope Alexander III. The altar was consecrated in 1182, and in 1185 it was occupied for the first time as a church by Heraclius, a crusader, who preached in it. I have no doubt but that his was the dedicatory service of the then New Mother Church, now a wonder of modern times. The west front was finished in 1223, and the southern transept in 1257. The northern transept was completed in 1312. The interior works of the choir were begun in 1699, and completed in 1714. The height is 135 feet; the length, 390 feet; the width at transept, 144 feet; height of vaulting, 102 feet, and the height of western towers, 204 feet. The ground plan is cruciform, and will contain an audience of 21,000 persons.

As St. Peter's, at Rome, may be regarded as the seat of ecclesiastical sovereignty of the Catholic Church, so may this grand old cathedral be regarded as the fountain of church literature.

In sight of, and upon the same island, is Hotel Dieu, the most ancient hospital in Paris, the foundation of which is attributed to St. Landry,



Notre Dame (seen from the rear).

AS ST. PETER'S AT ROME MAY BE REGARDED AS THE SEAT OF ECCLESIASTICAL SOVEREIGNTY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, SO MAY THIS GRAND OLD CATHEDRAL BE REGARDED AS THE FOUNTAIN OF CHURCH LITERATURE.

under Childeric II., in the year 660. To the west is the Palace of Justice. Here the visitor will be reminded somewhat of the Tower of London. It contains the place of holding the French courts, a prison, and a beautiful chapel. Passing out of the court, which was in session, the guide conducted me to the yard of the prison, which is a small, square and dingy-looking place surrounded with high iron pickets. When informed that in that pen Marie Antoinette was executed, we turned from the place and left the island, crossing the river at Pont du Change. To the right is seen the tower and blackened walls, the remains of the Hotel de Ville—the work of the Commune in 1871.

The streets, avenues, ways, and alleys of Paris are straight, clean, beautiful, and indicate the greatest care in their preservation; and very many of the buildings are artistically built, and stand majestically.

Tired and weary I returned to the hotel, satisfied that, aside from the monuments erected and historical points of interest noted, Paris is otherwise the most beautiful city on earth.

I was now informed that the *Cuba* would leave her docks, at Liverpool, for New York in a few

days, and I was compelled, reluctantly, to make my preparations to return to England in the cars which would leave the depot at 10 o'clock that night.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FRENCH PEOPLE—CHARACTER, ETC.

IT would be presumption in me to attempt a disquisition on the manners, character, and customs of the French people, considering the short time I had to make observations; yet, having visited France, to return without a word of comment for or against the country, might be regarded as careless, to say the least. As it has always been a purpose with me to supply natural deficiencies, by observation, and make the most of a circumscribed situation, I may say that although but two days in the land of the Gauls, I was attentive to what came within the apprehension of my senses, and so may venture something about this historic people. Opposed to monarchy in all its forms, it was but natural for me to reckon them among those who would prefer to be ruled by a monarch than by a president. During the Franco-Prussian war it was but natural for an American to sympathize with Germany, believ-

ing the Germans to be more republican in spirit than the French. In 1871, from an American stand-point, I advocated the cause of William IV. against the Napoleonic government, because I believed the former to be more in accord with the spirit of this age. No impartial observer can even set foot on French soil, and mingle with the people for any time, and return feeling that they are lovers of despotic rule; but the reverse. It is also a noticeable fact that whatever may be the spirit of the Germans there can be no question but that William IV. of Prussia, and Bismarck are monarchists to the fullest extent. That not a drop of republican blood courses in their veins, the sequel to the recent war with the French fully shows. It had also been a popular notion with me, that the Communists of France were a set of reckless plunderers, who lived upon the wreck of other men's fortunes. My mind was soon disabused of this notion. Napoleon III., inspired by the same design as his uncle, the great Napoleon, intended, and succeeded in, making Paris the grandest city on earth. To do this it was necessary to straighten and widen the streets and alleys of the great city, which could only be done by the appropriation of much pri-

vate property to the public good. This arrayed the property-holders of Paris against the Napoleonic government. Another idea of Napoleon was to beautify his country by encouraging the cultivation of forest trees. To this end not only were the public lands planted in timber and protected from trespassers, but laws were enacted making it penal for farmers to destroy their own timber. The result of this is apparent to the traveler in passing down from Calais to Paris. I remember a forest which contained 300 acres that will compare favorably with some of our wild American groves, whose timber is unequaled in the world. The isolated trees and small groves on farms were also protected. The agricultural class preferring the use of the lands for cultivation to the protection of the timber, and the property owners in the city demanding every foot of ground for other uses than its decoration, arrayed the property owners against Napoleon, and in this way a strong element of popular opposition to his government was created, which had its effect in the late war. The Communists were but the agents in the hands of the property-holder, who accomplished a great work of destruction. It was the property-holder against labor. It is

but due to the fallen monarch to say that in the improvement of the city the interests of the laboring-men were consulted and held in view. Under the new Republic, I heard one cultured working-man say, that the liberties and personal interests of the poor had been better protected under Napoleon than Thiers; that it was the aristocracy against the laboring people that caused the downfall of Louis Napoleon. I am not able to say whether this is wholly correct or not; but it has such a degree of plausibility, that I give it to the reader for what it is worth. The Frenchman is not inquisitive, rather courteous and kind to strangers. At least, I will guarantee that every American who will visit that country, and behave himself as he ought, will be treated with all due civility. Should he not understand the language he need not be at a loss, as the city of Paris is much visited by Americans.

The wealthy Parisians are inclined to luxury and gayety. The highly cultured and intelligent are dignified and reflective.

Everywhere dress seems to be adapted to profession, calling, or sphere. The middle classes as well as the high in rank live well, and from my observation none are teetotalers yet, appear to

have such control over their appetites as not to run into excess.

The educated and wealthy are aristocratic, yet entirely destitute of that demeanor which is so obnoxious to an American. They are good livers, and had I the time and money to spare, I do not know where I should rather go to live well than to Paris.

I do not agree with many travelers that Paris is the wickedest city in the world. The majority of the people there may not be in the strict sense a very pious people; but I think that they maintain as good order here as in any city in the world. None who visit Paris need be annoyed in the least, if they do not step aside from the line of propriety.

Whatever of evil there may be, it is certainly so circumscribed that no one need come in contact with it, unless he is himself inclined to vice. The agricultural classes are not so tasteful in the arrangement of their dwellings as the farmers in the older parts of the United States, but so far as I was able to ascertain, the domicile and out-buildings were commodious and comfortable. There is an entire absence of any attempt at vain

show; the farms and dwellings are arranged with a view to the strictest economy.

Were I to search for a type of Cincinnatus or Cicero, in this age, if I went out of the United States, I should as soon look among the Franks as in any other country.

France is replete with mental food which would require an age to digest, and aside from her rich treasures, her grand history, and interesting people, the country presents one of the most beautiful in surface and contour in the world.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOMEWARD BOUND—PARIS TO CALAIS—CROSSING THE CHANNEL—THE WRITER'S FIRST SEA-SICKNESS—HOW THE PASSENGERS FELT ON ARRIVING AT DOVER—ABOARD THE WRONG TRAIN—CUSTOM-HOUSE SCENE AT CHARING CROSS, LONDON — THE OFFICERS' COURTESY—UNDERGROUND RAILROAD — VICTORIA STATION — THE LOST TRUNK FOUND—LONDON TO LIVERPOOL—CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER AT LIVERPOOL—TWO DAYS IN LIVERPOOL—GETTING READY TO START FOR NEW YORK.

WEDNESDAY evening, December 16th, at eight o'clock, I arrived at the depot at Paris, delivered my trunk, took receipt therefor, and in a few minutes was aboard the cars—homeward bound! However depressing it may be to depart from scenes so interesting, the starting for home produced an exhilarating effect. That, at least, was my experience. A shrill whistle was the signal for leaving the depot, and soon I was again on the way. From Paris to Calais that night was a blank, except a short stop at Boulogne

for lunch and to change foot warmers, which had now become somewhat chilled. Calais was reached at one o'clock A.M. The much-to-be-dreaded channel was to be crossed, and the majority of the passengers deemed it to their interest and comfort to remain at this port until daylight. It being a rule with me while traveling, when once started not to stop on the way on account of night or inclement weather, until my destination is reached, I concluded to try the channel at once. After leaving the cars, it was difficult to learn the way to the boat, which was lying half a mile out in the harbor, as there seemed to be no one who could understand a word of English. Noticing a light which appeared some half a mile out in the extreme darkness, I took that for my guide, and in a short time was at the docks; tracing my way along the docks, I reached a pier, which seemed to extend an indefinite length into the sea. Fearing that the boat would leave, I ran at a quickened pace until I lost sight of land. The harbor was to the left, the North Sea to the right, and the narrow pier under me.

On reaching what I took to be the jumping-off place, the boat, which I was informed by an Englishman was to start for Dover in fifteen

minutes, was lying to my left. Getting aboard, I inquired of the steward if there was an opportunity of getting a lunch, and was promptly informed that there was ample, and that he preferred that I shold. This I thought very kind in the steward, and seating myself at a table prepared for the occasion, was soon served with a cup of excellent coffee, some cold ham and biscuits, of which I partook in sufficient quantity to supply the wants of the most voracious wharfman. Just as I had about disposed of the meal the boat was leaving the harbor, a heavy gale from the North Sea blowing meanwhile upon her starboard. Soon the small craft was tossing in such a furious manner that I was reminded of an empty keg in a mill-pond during a hail-storm. The odor of the cabin not being agreeable, I ascended to the hurricane deck, sat down, and clung to a stanchion at the edge of the boat with my face to the north. The wind had now reached its greatest force, and the fury of the sea was hid from mortal eye by the Egyptian darkness.

"The night looked black, and boding darkness fell
Precipitate and heavy o'er the world."

The sensation can but be described by the hoisting and screwing of a propeller entering

the vortex of a maelstrom. At this moment the watchman came and ordered me to the cabin below. I disobeyed, and informed him that I would take my chance here rather than go to the cabin. Leaving me for a time, the watchman soon turned on his heel, and imperatively demanded that I should go to the cabin. Finding all further appeals in vain, I arose and sought the entrance to the stairway that led to the cabin. No sooner had I got the scent of the cabin again, than I thought my limbs were slightly paralyzed, and I began to think that this was a "put up" job by the mariners to make me sea-sick. Descending, the steward approached me, and pointing to a sofa, told me that was for me. I remarked I did not need all of that, feeling strongly impressed that there was a determination upon the part of the officers to get me into the hands of the monster. Reaching the sofa, I had no sooner sat down than the steward brought me a large white dish, and that was the straw that broke the camel's back.

I needed nothing further to force me into that state when all danger ceases to be a terror. I was sea-sick; tongue nor pen can not describe the sensation of a sea-sick passenger. The drama

of a promiscuously sea-sick company is both tragical and sarcastic in the extreme. The desponding demeanor, choked utterance, contortions, and writhings of a company of passengers from different nations, all packed in one room of a ferry-boat, would remind one of Pandemonium uncovered, the curtain lifted from Pluto's regions, and the eye beholding in reality the writhing and agonies of the condemned. The insane man may be amused and yet he can not laugh; he may relate and feel the piercing of the most heart-rending sorrow, yet he can not shed a tear. While a man or woman can weep, sanity remains. The lunatic has gone beyond this point; so with a sea-sick man or woman, many of the scenes may be amusing, yet the person afflicted can not smile; he may be ever so willing and resigned, yet can not die; he may groan from agony, yet can not cry, and the dangers of the angry ocean are robbed of all their terrors.

With a feeling of unconcern as to anything that might happen, I sank, after a quarter of an hour or so, into a sleep from which I did not awake until the steward announced Dover. Languid and irritable enough when awakened, I can not tell how I looked, but as I gazed upon

my fellow-passengers, they appeared as if they had all been let loose from the murky cell of a damp prison where they had been in lingering confinement without anything to eat for some days. The train was in waiting and we scrambled aboard for Charing Cross station, London, which place was reached about six o'clock A.M. And there we were again shut up within the custom-house inclosure, in the presence of an officer awaiting the call of the passengers to claim luggage. I waited until the last trunk and the last valise were carried away, but mine was nowhere to be seen. Then the following dialogue ensued between the superintendent of luggage and the writer :

Writer.—I have been waiting patiently until all the luggage has been claimed and taken away, and I do not see my trunk here; I have been careful and have some valuables in it that I prize highly, and I see, with all my care, it is gone.

Officer.—Where did you get aboard?

Writer.—At Paris.

Officer.—Your luggage is most likely to be at Victoria station.

Writer.—Where is Victoria station?

Officer.—About six miles from here; and the

best thing you can do is to go down there at once before the office is closed, and you will, no doubt, find it there.

Writer.—How do I know how to find Victoria station?

Officer.—Take the Underground Railroad.

Writer.—How do you suppose I know where the Underground Railroad is? I, a stranger here in a strange land, shut up within an inclosure, not a soul here but you and I, in a dense and populated city, with no one to direct me where to go—how do you think I can find Victoria Station or the trunk? I tell you, sir, I have a receipt for my trunk, which I obtained in the city of Paris. I shall pay no further attention to it, but shall hold the company responsible for the loss.

The custom-house officer was, I think, one of the most genial men I ever saw. I wish I knew his name, for I never meet with a kind and generous official at depot, custom-house, or other place, who treats the traveler kindly, but what I feel like complimenting him and giving his name to the world as a benefactor. Said he: "I will show you where to find the Underground train, and shall also accompany you to Liverpool." I

got aboard the train, thanked the officer, and he took his leave. I never expected to see him again. Darting through a dark tunnel in a few minutes, and Victoria is announced. I think I was just ten seconds reaching the office to inquire for the trunk, and found it all right. A lady approached me and inquired the cause of my excitement, and remarked very coolly, and without any apparent emotion, that she, too, had come from Dover, that her trunk had been sent to Charing Cross; and that she had been sent to Victoria.

The fact was two trains were at Dover at the same time awaiting the arrival of the boat, one for Charing Cross and the other for Victoria station at London; and in this way the confusion arose. Having now obtained my luggage it became necessary to drive three miles to Euston station to reach the train for Liverpool. The weather being unusually stormy, no cabs were to be seen; hence a porter became an absolute necessity. As soon as the name porter was mentioned no less than four were at my side. I immediately paid one a shilling to get a cab; he never returned. I paid a second the same amount; he failed to put in an appearance. The third received

the same fee, and he not returning soon enough, the fourth was hired with the understanding that he was to get no pay until he had found a cab. While he was on the cab hunt, the third man returned and stated that the roads were so icy the cabmen did not want to drive, and that it was doubtful whether I could get one.

"But I must have one," I said.

Three miles from station, icy roads, and an hour till train time. I began to get uneasy, when the fourth porter brought a horse, cab, and cabman, all of which looked like octogenarians.

"Why," said I, "did you not bring me a better conveyance?"

Said he, "You can not get any better to go out such a day as this."

I entered, my trunk was put upon deck, the trap door was opened, and the driver demanded five shillings. To this I objected, being double the price.

He said, "It is a bad day, and I can not go for less."

"I would not give it," said I, "your horse don't look as if he could reach the station, even if he started."

Said he, "If you pay my fee I will get you to the station if I kill the horse."

I agreed, he started, and if the horse fell once he fell twenty times in going the three miles. I reached the station just in time, paid the man more than he asked, and am inclined to think the cabman never took another passenger to the station with that conveyance. I was doubtful that he would ever get away from the station.

All aboard now for Liverpool! Nothing of note occurred on the way, but I had daylight to view the country. One incident may be mentioned. A cultured Englishman, with an intelligent little daughter, got aboard at a way station. Just as they had seated themselves in the same car, I noticed a shilling-piece on the floor, which I picked up and called their attention to it. I did not know whether I had dropped it or not. The gentleman said he had not. The little girl said she had not lost it.

The father says, "Daughter, look, examine your purse, you may have dropped it."

After examining her porte-monnaie, she says, "Pa, it is not mine. I have all my money."

Being the finder, and no claimant appearing, I became the owner of the shilling. It was not the mon-

ey that gratified me—it would have been a pleasure to me if either had claimed it ; it was the integrity and true nobility of the gentleman and sweet little girl. I could trust such persons to the ends of the earth. I was gratified to learn that there were hosts of such who never had been out of England.

At four o'clock we reached Lime Street station, Liverpool, and on alighting from the train the first thing that arrested my attention was the London Custom-house officer, bringing my trunk, which he soon presented to me with a smile on his countenance, and I delivered to him my receipt. I learned a lesson in this transaction which I shall never forget : If everything don't go just precisely as we want it, don't fret.

I took up my quarters at the Northwestern Hotel, to remain over until Saturday, when the *Cuba* was to start. This afternoon, feeling tired, I rested. Friday I took a view of the city. Liverpool looks more like an American port than any other I have seen. Its population is not far from 500,000, and it is, perhaps, the greatest shipping port in the world. The floating docks are a marvel. The fish-market is very interesting ; I think it is the largest of the kind I ever saw. Every-

thing in the fish department from a shrimp to a sole may be found here. The most noticeable feature is the cleanliness, many of the stalls being as neat as a parlor, and women while watching their goods, and waiting for customers, may be found there engaged in the neatest of embroidery. How unlike Billingsgate! There are a few buildings here as monuments of the old Normans. The most astonishing thing to me was the spectacle of a single draught-horse hitched to a dray and drawing a load, which I was informed weighed five tons. It was of the Norman stock, and one of the largest of that order of horses I ever saw. Why would it not be a good idea to ship some of them to America? It is said that though these horses weigh nearly double a large American horse, they eat but little more. If the same labor could be performed with one of those, that can be done with two of ours, it would be a great saving of expense.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK — GETTING ABOARD — THE CUBA — LIST OF PASSENGERS — IRISH COAST — CORK HARBOR — AN HOUR IN QUEENSTOWN, IRELAND — OUR LOG-BOOK — DUTCH ANECDOTE — THE AUTHOR'S ARREST — THE COURT ON BOARD AND ITS DECREE — CHRISTMAS ON BOARD — THE ARREST OF MR. BRAGG, THE IRON MERCHANT, AND HIS CONVICTION — OUR SITUATION DECEMBER 26TH AND 27TH — ARREST, TRIAL, AND DEFENSE OF THE SCOTCH WIT — ACCIDENT TO MR. BLISS — NEW YORK.

IT is no rare thing for the traveler and tourist, in these days, to keep a diary of observations, incidents, and events, even if the trip do not extend beyond the limits of his own country. So common has diary-making become that the notes of the Shah of Persia, in his tour through Europe, have been translated into all the principal languages.

- One thing we have observed in most of these

diaries: the ocean leaf is always blank. The trip across the ocean is usually regarded as a blank in the life of the traveler. I, too, have made a short diary of a flying visit to England and France, which, unlike that of the Shah and many other noted travelers, may never be translated into Arabic, French, or German, or even published in our own vernacular; but whether it is or not, the blank must be filled.

On the 19th of December, the writer, with valise and luggage, got aboard the steamship *Cuba*, bound for America. To an American who has been absent from his country for some time, the name of America has an endearing sound; and none but an American can feel the thrill produced on board a ship leaving a foreign port bound for the United States. At precisely two o'clock P.M. we left Liverpool, and soon were under full sail. The *Cuba* is 300 feet long; contains four rows of state-rooms, two inside and two outside, well furnished. Her first cabin eating saloon is elegantly finished and ventilated, and will accommodate 200 first-cabin passengers. Through the kindness of Mr. Tomlinson, the engineer, the writer, with others, was shown the machinery and hold, which I will not attempt to

describe further than to say the engine is a miracle of power, and the hull of sufficient strength to float on any sea. It was our only foothold, at any rate, until we should reach the port of New York.

Having confidence in the ship and the crew that was to run her, we walked into the saloon and found dinner awaiting whoever might be on board. At the table, a card with each passenger's name thereon, is pinned on the cloth to indicate the passenger's seat for the voyage. We soon found our seat, and near it a printed list of passengers names, which we picked up and read, as follows:

Mrs. Annie Atkin, D. H. Bailey, American Consul at Hong-Kong; N. and Geo. N. Bliss, of New York; Wm. Bragg, Esq., Sheffield, England; Mrs. Broadish, son, and maid, Mrs. Jessie Clayburn, B. Cohen, Esq., Chas. Cowen, G. M. Fairchild, Dr. F. H. Foster, Thomas Geddes, Austin Gray, Mr. Geo. Hamilton, Chas. Heaton, A. G. Hopkins and lady, D. McInnes, J. Munson, J. P. Marquand, E. Nostrand, A. Openhyme, M. Phillips, James Pyle, lady, and child; Thomas Rodman, lady, two children and nurse; David Ripley and lady, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Sgobel, J.

M. Streeton, G. Valois, and the writer, which adds up to 40, round numbers.*

The next thing in order was dinner, and after that to cultivate an acquaintance.

There being a calm on the Irish Sea—the weather pleasant—the passengers enjoyed themselves in conversation and other innocent amusements until eleven o'clock P.M., when the steward announced that it was near the time for retiring. On this boat the rule is to retire at half-past eleven and all the lights must be extinguished at twelve. Not that we were sleepy, but it was in obedience to the inexorable law, which, like that of the Medes and Persians, could not be repealed, that we hunted our state-room, got on our "little bed" and forced ourself into the arms of Morpheus, which stupid god refused to give us up, until the steward peremptorily demanded our release next morning. When the officers command, the gods must obey. Soon we had arranged our dress and toilet for breakfast, and took our seat where the card had been pinned on the day before, and disposed of a reasonable number of eggs and

*A full list of passengers with their Post-office addresses may be found at the close of this book, *post page* —.

herring, together with something less than one pound of salmon.* As water on board is unwholesome, tea and coffee unpalatable, English ale became the chief drink. Seeing everybody else drinking ale, and as herring and salmon have a great affinity for fluids, we called for a bottle also, of which the steward seemed to have an inexhaustible supply. Our education on this point was very defective, but as our physician recommends it as an invaluable auxiliary to an ocean traveler we set ourselves to work and soon learned our lesson well. We are always tempted with anything that is said to promote health.

After breakfast, it being a fine Sabbath morning, we had nothing to do but view the coast of Ireland and its beautiful scenery. This created quite a demand for telescopes and opera-glasses, one of which no tourist should be without. At ten o'clock A.M. we turned into Cork Harbor—ran up the United States flag, and anchored a half mile from shore. Here a small steamer "hauled to" to receive the mail. Learning that this small craft would return, I, together with four others who could not resist the temptation, got aboard and ran over to Queenstown. On taking our leave, the captain required us to be back on

time, which we promised to do, and then were off, looking back occasionally to see whether the *Cuba* was still at anchor. In a few minutes we were on shore, met by a dozen or more rosy-cheeked girls, who greeted us with as many "God bless you's" and "Welcome to old Ireland;" such greetings and salutations are very cheap, and, in fact, they don't cost anything, nevertheless, they enabled us to put on an air of dignity and self-reliance that would have been impossible under other circumstances. I wondered a few minutes, why such cheap things that do the world so much good and yet are more valuable than gold, when distributed, were not more generally dispensed. Elated with our reception, and remarking what a treat our fellow-passengers whom we had left behind were missing, we stepped lightly but briskly up street for a stroll through the city, but were soon met by a dozen or more old and infirm ladies and gentlemen, each with some of the native or manufactured products of Ireland. These appealed to every sympathy, and pulled at every cord of our human nature, to induce us to buy. Softened before by the warm greeting of the girls, resistance to this attack became impossible—all we

had to do was, through our gestures and smiles, to lessen the number and quantity of purchases, that we might have enough money to reach home. Some of our party obtained a bunch or pot of shamrock, an Irish oak breast-pin or bracelet, and a pure Irish linen hand-worked handkerchief, and others a black-thorn cane, or shelalah, the small boat hauled to shore and we were taken aboard for the *Cuba*, minus from ten to twenty shillings apiece. Now there was waving of hats and bidding "good-bye."

Queenstown is a beautiful city of 12,000 inhabitants, and Cork Harbor one of the finest natural harbors in the world. Arriving in time we got aboard, and with us something less than one hundred tons of mail, together with enough holly and mistletoe to decorate the boat on Christmas Day; soon we were again plowing the waves for New York.

On the next morning, I commenced entries in my log-book, which run as follows:

December 21, 1874.—This morning I awoke to find a rough sea, and that we have run 220 miles; some passengers absent from table. The day was spent in conversation and speculation as to when we should arrive in New York,

Tuesday, 22d.—A rough sea; nearly all sea-sick; run 227 miles.

Wednesday, 23d.—Sensitive stomach; run 232 miles. This evening at tea, opposite myself, sat Mrs. Broadish, whose intelligence was only surpassed by her many virtues; and to my left Mr. Gray, a young man of fine accomplishments, from London. To break the monotony, and for the entertainment of the company, she related a series of religious and other anecdotes and incidents, in so fine a style as to elicit the undivided attention of the passengers, and contributed much to their merriment as well as digestion. I told the following anecdote in my best style:

Somewhere in Jasper County, Indiana, some years ago, there lived an honest and industrious German and wife, whose names were respectively Gotlieb and Katrina. During a protracted meeting in that locality, Gotlieb was observed to be rather sedate, even unto melancholy. Gotlieb could not account for this strange feeling that clung to him like an incubus, but continued daily to grow worse.

Katrina, being of a religious turn, remarked: "Gotlieb, I will tell you what is the matter with

you; you are under conviction of sin, and you must pray."

Says Gotlieb: "I can not pray."

But says Katrina: "You must."

Gotlieb, feeling that he must perish under the weight, repaired to his barn, knelt down, and repeated the child's prayer. Feeling better, he again repeated the prayer, and in the closing line he was happily converted.

Being now happy, Gotlieb goes to class-meeting, and relates his experience:

"Bruddern and Swesters: I yust dells you vot id ish; some tays ago I vas feelin' so pad I yust dink I must tie. Katrina dell me I must bray; but I dells her I could not. So Katrina dells me again I must. So I goes oud to de parn and gets down on my knees, and say—

"Now I lay me doun to sleeble,
I bray de Lord my zoul to keeb;
If I should die bef ore I wake,
I bray de Lord my zoul to dake.'

"When I gid ub I feels beddér. So I gets down and brays him over again, und ven I gets drough I shumps up and feel yust so habby! I feel habby all the time! I'm habby now! I'm yust so full I can hardly speak. Hurrah for Jesus Christ—God d—n the devil!"

In relating the Dutchman's experience I had anticipated a laugh. The laugh did not come in. I sat for half an hour as silent as a mute, wondering what I had done to meet with such a severe rebuke; but shortly all was made plain. Mr. Heaton, called by those on board the Black Prince, came in, caught me by the arm, saying, "You are my prisoner," at the same time reading a warrant charging me with having used improper language in the presence of ladies. I immediately followed the sheriff to the smoking-room, which had been converted into a court-room for the occasion. D. H. Bailey, the consul at Hong Kong, was sitting as judge, with all the dignity of Chief-Justice Cockburn. Mr. Cowen occupied the clerk's stand; E. Nostrand was jailor; Mr. William Bragg prosecuted the case, and Messrs. Bliss, Gray, and Openhyme were witnesses for the State.

I arose, addressed the Court, and asked permission to see the indictment, which was refused. I then moved the Court for a change of venue, which was also refused. The Court then, in a severe tone, said that it was the rule of this Court that the prisoner could not further be permitted to speak only through counsel. I then

asked time to employ and consult an attorney. The services of Thomas Rodman were engaged, to whom I am much indebted for an able defense.

Everything being now ready for the trial, the prosecutor opened the case and introduced his witnesses, who all testified to the guilt of the defendant, and a case, of course, was made out. I then summoned Mrs. Broadish and Mrs. Clayburn, who both testified that they had heard nothing improper.

The prosecutor, in his cross-examination of Mrs. Broadish, asked her again if she had not heard the defendant use improper language in her hearing. She said she had not, but that she had, that evening, heard the honorable prosecutor himself using language unbecoming. The scale was now turned. The Court, somewhat confounded, instructed the jury that the offense was a grave one, and ought to be punished to the fullest extent of the law. The jury, however, notwithstanding the instructions of the Court, found a verdict of acquittal.

Thursday, December 24th.—The steamer was decorated with holly and mistletoe for Christmas.

Friday, 25th.—We awoke to find the Atlantic furious. Passing into the aft gangway, up-stairs,

I saw a lady passenger looking out on the angry waves. My entrance attracted her attention, and she looked at me and said: "Do you think we will ever get ashore?"

I remarked: "I hope so. This morning I saw a rainbow," and then repeated the old proverb: "A rainbow in the morning is a sailor's warning." I was immediately reproved, and requested not to prognosticate.

At eleven o'clock prayers were read by the captain, which service the crew, officers, and passengers attended. It was a noble congregation, and the dinner was such as kings, queens, and princes might delight in; but Neptune held such a firm grasp on our stomachs, that but little room was left to store away the good things before us; at least I had not the inclination. After dinner, Mr. Bragg, who is an iron merchant, a manufacturer, a writer of "The History of Pipes," and, by the way, an inventor of a new style of meerschaum pipe, and who, it may be inferred, loves a good smoke, was arrested and brought before his honor, Mr. Bailey, on the following charges: 1st. Abduction; 2d. Smoking bad tobacco; 3d. For smoking a pipe of peculiar shape. Mr. Rodman, prosecutor.

The witnesses were all sworn by Neptune to tell no truth and nothing but untruth; all of whom testified as to the guilt of the prisoner. The Court, in summing up the evidence, and instructing the jury as to the law, said, among other things: "That it became his solemn duty in the state of uncertainty prevailing in the government of Cuba, to say, that a very grievous offense had been committed; that the evidence all tended to confirm the guilt of the defendant. As to the law, I must instruct the jury that on page 242 of the Third Book of Blackstone's Commentaries, I find this language: 'You bet!' which means that the prisoner is guilty." The Court further instructed the jury that if they found the prisoner guilty, they should assess a fine of not less than five, nor more than twenty, bottles of champagne on each count of the indictment. The jury found a verdict of guilty on each count in the indictment, and the Court rendered judgment accordingly. The Court further said, that as against the witnesses for testifying, the attorney who prosecuted, the jury who tried, the Court who listened; and the sheriff who executed the writ in this horrid conspiracy, a fine of five bottles of champagne each, should be as-

sessed. At midnight we felt weary, and yet were sleepless, and would have been glad to remain up with the company all night. Mr. Marquand, of Boston, who is always ready to quiet the fears of the nervous, and add to the cheer of the company, kindly invited me to his large and commodious state-room, and in his company I obtained a quiet night's rest.

Saturday, December 26th.—The storm increased. It appeared as if Neptune had opened all his batteries upon us; but most of the passengers have now become used to it.

Sunday evening, December 27th.—I am now sitting in the saloon of the *Cuba*; across the table is Mr. Phillips, from Mexico; a little to my left, Mr. Bailey, and at my side, Mr. Marquand. The wind is blowing a fierce gale, the ship is rocking furiously. I am tired of wind, which has continued to blow for three days. We are now 1,900 miles from Liverpool and 1,200 from New York; virtually, in mid-ocean. We have been rocked and shaken for the last six days, and now, amid the hideousness of an Atlantic storm, having had no opportunity of stepping on *terra firma* for a rest, I should almost despair were it not for the fact that the passengers are all friendly and cheer-



"TRISTRAM SHANDY IS GOOD LAW IN THIS COURT, AND I HAVE NEVER HEARD IT
DISPUTED UNTIL THIS TIME."



"TRISTRAM SHANDY IS GOOD LAW IN THIS COURT, AND I HAVE NEVER HEARD IT
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ful, and our boat is seaworthy, and, we think, able to live amid the distracted elements.

Monday, December 28th.—Mr. Geddes, our Scotch wit, was arrested on a charge of falsely personating. The same officers were present, except that Mr. Rodman was judge; Bailey, prosecutor, and the writer defended. There being no indictment on file, the defendant's counsel moved for the discharge of the prisoner. The Court held, that he had in the State of Uncertainty a right to try a man for crime without indictment; that the defendant had no rights in this State that the Court was bound to respect. I then picked up a book, and read this law to the Court: "Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Uncertainty, in the Government of Cuba, that no man shall be put in jeopardy, or tried upon a criminal charge, without he be first indicted by the Grand Jury."

The Court hesitating, the prosecutor arose and called the attention of the Court to the fact that the book from which I had read the law was a copy of *Tristram Shandy*, and ought not to govern the Court. Seeing the effect produced by the seriousness of the prosecuting attorney, I arose and said: "If your honor please, *Tristram*

Shandy is good law in this Court ; and I have never heard it disputed until the present time." We thought we saw a marked change in the countenance of the Court favorable to the prisoner. Just at this moment our attention was called to the fact that the dummy engine had caught and nipped the end of Mr. Bliss' little finger off. The sight of blood caused Mr. Bliss to faint away, and he became the center of attraction for the moment, and our trial was suspended.

Tuesday, December 29th.—For some cause we omitted our entry.

Wednesday, December 30th.—To-day the very elements seem to have burst forth, and in place of running 300 miles, as it was expected, the log was made up at 180, and we were then in lat. 51 N., and long. 62 W. Yesterday we were to have been in New York, but the continued squalls and storms will prevent us reaching that point before Saturday, January 2d. It is now eight o'clock P.M., and the sea is mountain high, the spray flying, the waves dashing on the deck of our ship; but the wind is, we think, abating. No one who has never seen, or rather been on board of a ship in a tempest on the Atlantic, could have the most distant idea of the terrible character as well

as the grandeur of the scene. Language will fall very far short of describing it.

“ ‘Tis pleasant by the cheerful hearths to hear
Of tempests and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times and feel that we are safe ;
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And with an eager and suspended soul,
Woo terror to delight us ; but to hear
The roaring of the raging elements,
To know all human skill, all human strength
Avail not ; to look round and only see
The mountain wave incumbent with the weight
Of bursting waters o’er the reeling barks,
O God ! this is indeed a dreadful thing.”

At this writing, we are 500 miles from New York—a strong head wind blowing against us. Everybody is cheerful on board, as they have got over their sea-sickness. Just at this moment, a heavy sea struck the vessel, and well-nigh capsized us. My journal was all scattered, and myself mostly pitched on the table. One gentleman gathering himself up, somewhat frightened, said : “ What do you think of that ? ”

I remarked, “ that it was a ‘ pretty big jerk.’ ”

Thursday, December 31st, we awoke at seven o’clock, to behold a heavy sea. During the night the striking of the waves against the side of the ship, made the report of a six-pound gun. The wind continued to blow all day. At this hour,

seven o'clock P.M., it is still blowing a heavy gale. The run to-day was 127 miles, hence we are 400 miles from New York; and, unless we have more favorable weather, we shall not see New York before next Sunday, which will be four days beyond the time fixed for arrival. The day, as usual, was put in by eating, drinking, conversing, and speculating on the probable time of reaching our destination. Part of the day I was sick and occupied my state-room.

Friday, January 1st, we had more favorable wind, and a pleasant day. Two ships and one steamer were passed, and at ten o'clock A.M. we met the pilot boat.

January 2d.—In the morning we were in quarantine. Here the physician came aboard, but finding no pestilence, quietly retired. At twelve o'clock M. we were in the port of New York, or rather at the Cunard Docks, in Jersey City. There was a general farewell, and the passengers started for their several places of destination. Four passengers, to wit: Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Phillips, Mr. McInnes, and an old gentleman, whose name is unknown, evidently had traveled before, and contributed much to the encouragement of the company in the worst weather.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE—THEIR CHARACTERS, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS, FROM A HOOSIER'S STAND-POINT—THEIR CHARACTER AS A BODY POLITIC, ETC.

AMONG the middle classes the English are dignified, cultivated, and though not really discourteous, are rather stiff, with a leaning toward aristocratic pretension, and as a rule monarchical in opinion. It is the easiest thing in the world to be a monarchist, where birth, education, rank, distinction, personal interest, and ambition all tend in that direction. In fact, the current of social and political life runs in that groove, and it is the most natural thing in the world that the mass would be carried by the current.

“Custom forms us all,
Our thoughts, our words, our most fixed belief
Are consequences of our place of birth.”

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that if some superior mental or political force undertook to direct things differently, that it would at once be viewed with suspicion and meet with de-

terminated opposition. By following in the common current, the English have become a stable and well-balanced people, apparently well satisfied with the condition of things. In this general acquiescence in the administration of their affairs in their own way, subject only to Magna Charta and the will of their Queen, (who, like General Grant on his first presidential term, always desires her will to conform to that of her subjects), the people have acquired a distrust for every act and movement not in conformity with their notions; hence, by strangers, the English are accused of being overbearing in their character. That which the Englishman regards as good common sense, will be mistaken sometimes by the traveler as pride. And this arrogant nature, which may be pardoned at home, when assumed, as it is occasionally in our own country, where the laws, manners, and customs are molded to suit a republican form, only renders the individual liable to criticism, but intolerable in the judgment of the sensible. Among the masses of the well-to-do Englishmen, the tendency is toward ease, amusement, and mental and moral development; or, in other words, physical, mental, or moral training. In all this there is a method

or order which produces such a degree of harmony that it might serve as a profitable example to those in other countries where less order prevails.

Breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, and supper are the routine of meals in every well-regulated English family, and it is gratifying to see with what grace, ease, dignity, and decorum all these are attended to. A healthy English man or woman loves to eat for the pleasure it gives them. And it being comfortable for them to masticate and digest, the process is often prolonged for an hour. The custom of such attention to meals is not only peculiarly English, but it has the most happifying results ; as the numerous corpulent and red-faced, healthy, cheerful, and intelligent English ladies and gentlemen will attest. When I found that I had gained twelve pounds in ten days, the reader will not be astonished when I tell him that I was pleased with the custom. Nevertheless, the English people are not such big eaters as one might infer from their being so often at table. All meals are handsomely served, but dinner is the Englishman's feast ; and he enjoys it. It is not uncommon at meal-time to take porter or wine at the table, and while I would not recommend that part

of the programme to Americans, where it often leads to abuses, I am not prepared to denounce it as a custom in England, as I found few among the well-bred and highly cultured who indulged to excess. The rule is to eat and drink, to live and be comfortable, but not to excess or intoxication. I found, however, some exceptions to this rule; where the habit had grown into an infirmity or disease. The safe way for Englishmen, of course, would be to practice total abstinence.

The English dress, as a rule, for neatness and comfort, and not for mere display; although among the nobility and officials on certain occasions this rule has its exceptions. It is the custom for official dignitaries to take a drive out expressly for display, and then the most gorgeous and expensive regalia, paraphernalia, carriages, and livery, are admissible.

The Mayor of the city of London, who is next in rank to the Queen, during his term of office, occasionally drives out in a carriage elaborately gilded, drawn by four white horses, richly caparisoned, accompanied by four pages, and four grooms in uniform. This proceeding seems to the English all right, and very essential to maintain the dignity of the high official. While I

could fully recognize in the man the dignity of his position, this vain display, in my opinion, detracted from the importance of the position, on the principle that real merit can not be wholly obscured by a plain garb, nor want of it, supplied by gold tinsel. I recognized in the Mayor of the great metropolis, a man of profound ability, and this display did not tend to increase the estimate. The same may be said of other and higher dignitaries of the Realm ; but as I had not the pleasure of witnessing an ovation to the Queen or Premier, I omit further comment in this direction.

Kindness to strangers from abroad appears to be a virtue with the English.

“ View them near
At home, where all their pride is placed,
And there, their hospitable fires burn clear.”

This sentiment I can fully corroborate by personal experience, never having found twenty days of greater pleasure in my life, than were spent in England. With all the tendency to haughtiness, the people pride themselves on their hospitality. They are punctual in business, on duty, and punctual at church ; but between amusement and duty I think duty must often yield to amusement,

as amusement is essential to the health and happiness of an Englishman.

In the body politic wealth, rank, and official position rule; and the necessary result is that the less favored are almost wholly dependent upon those whom they deem to be above them; hence the masses reverence and flatter their superiors, and the latter, in return, can certainly afford to be courteous and kind at least from another point of view. As a nation, the English have reason to feel proud. There is no water upon which their ships have not sailed, nor is there a land where their feet have not trodden, as the trophies from the different countries will show.

Go to Africa, and the Englishman is there. In Asia and Australia his Government has planted colonies. In every important island in the sea she has erected a training-post; whether you go among the Turks, Tartars, or the Malays, you will find an English merchantman, or missionary, and England has contributed most to make the greatness of the United States, her daughter; and, if the child, in the light of a higher civilization, should outstrip the mother, the parent ought not to be envious.

If England has pressed her civilization to the

remote corners of the earth, it is on account of her great naval and commercial energies.

The influence of a country upon the world, if not wholly, is very considerably measured by its naval proportions. To have a small navy, or none at all, is to be almost devoid of national influence. Show me a country with an effective navy at any period of the world's history, and I will tell you with certainty what power that country exerted over the commerce, art, science, literature, and civilization of the world. If the brilliant and valorous deeds of the Phœnicians illuminate the pages of ancient history, it was because they had control of the high seas. A few years later, when the glory of Solomon's government dazzled the eyes of princes and captivated queens, the Hebrew ships controlled the waters; and when the Greeks, Romans, Gauls, Scandinavians, Germans, and French were each in their turn exerting the most powerful influence in the world, each had the naval supremacy. The rule is not changed in modern times. The naval superiority of Spain added to the world a new continent, but for which it might have been left to future generations, of a different nationality, perhaps, to have ascertained that there was a

western continent. If Great Britain has carried her civilization to the remote corners of the earth, it is because for 400 years she has had an efficient navy. The glory of Spain began to diminish with the loss of the invincible Armada in 1558. Blot out the navy of Great Britain and she will be forced to take an inferior position in the scale of nations.

At first brave and aggressive, the nation is now settling down into a life of luxury, a situation always adverse to progress and civilization.

"Oh, luxury, thou cursed by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee !
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !
Kingdoms by thee to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own ;
At every draught more large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe ;
Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round."

Every nation which has prominently marked the pages of the world's past history had three degrees, to wit: Rise, Decline, and Fall. When she ceased to rise she began to decline. The Briton may say that Great Britain was never in so flourishing a condition as to-day. We will accord to him his view on this point, but answer

that the glory and splendor of Egypt, Assyria, Media, Persia, Greece, and Rome were most marked on the eve of their downfall.

It was the impoverished condition of things that gave to each courage to work out the glory of their own State. Pride and luxury robs nations of their greatness, as self-indulgence produces imbecility and premature decay on the individual.

The glory of Nimrod's government never shone so bright as immediately preceding its fall.

The same may be said of all others, and why should not the same rule apply to modern governments? It is true that the light of the civilization of the nineteenth century carries with it a greater social equilibrium than the ages referred to, and the chances are not so favorable to the idea advanced. The forces required to destroy a civilized government to-day must be much greater than 4,000, or even 2,000 years ago, but the conditions favorable will bring the same result. We must not forget that while culture has done much for the present age, human nature is the same to-day that it ever was, and if it be more difficult now to destroy a government or a city than five hundred years ago, the forces are so

much greater now that the work of destruction is almost as certain and much more calamitous.

Physical power may for a time hold in subjection the masses of mankind ; but it is only for a time. It is only the moral element that will enable any government to endure permanently ; and that moral element must exist outside of mere forms and ceremonies, and must be inherent. There must be a love of honor, justice, virtue, and righteousness for honor's, justice's, virtue's, and righteousness' sake. As the moral sentiment is the only thing which can permanently perpetuate a nation, it is apparent that every nation has within itself the ability to be perpetual.

“ England never did (nor never shall)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror
But when it first did help to wound itself.”

Indeed,

“ England is safe, if true within itself.”

It matters not what a nation may arrogate to itself, if it reach a point in its history where it disdains to recognize the labor required to maintain its honor and integrity, and adopts a policy of servility on the one hand and aristocracy on the other, it must succumb finally to the higher order of mind which never can be enslaved. As

a nation, England seems full of prejudice and selfishness; the people always regarding their system as better than any other. It constantly aims to stamp their system upon other governments as much as it is possible, especially its idea of money, in the elaboration of which the English financier contrives to organize some plan to centralize and control the basis of what they call money to his own ultimate interest.

There is no system that will tend to centralize wealth and absorb the profits of labor, and rob the producers of wealth so much as the convertible paper currency theory. If some of the tramps do break in from necessity and steal your property, they are no more dishonest than Jacob was in the plan he adopted to rob Laban of his stock. For Jacob and the tramp I have sympathy. The tramp must have something to eat; and Jacob had been cheated by his father-in-law out of fourteen years' labor, and perhaps this was God's way of letting him make up for his loss. In great individuals there is genius, and, though it differs in each, it is that through which their influence is most keenly felt by the community in which they live.

Each civilized nation has its genius, and in England this genius crops out more prominently

through the judiciary than anywhere else. I do not intimate that there are no literary or scientific developments, etc. England has her brilliant lights in literature and science. She has her inventive geniuses, and wise legislators, and men of great executive ability, but through none does England make herself so powerfully felt upon surrounding nations as through her legal and judicial acumen.

The English Parliament is a grand body, but shines most through the Irish element. If it were left to the English entirely to rule, it would be forced down into such regularity that it would become insipid. It is the Irish element that gives animation to Parliament. The warm, impulsive nature of the Irishman when he has the welfare of his own people and the rest of mankind at heart, crops out in his oratory. Extinguish that fire, and the English Parliament would evidently become a very tame affair.

I have intimated that the English nation has pressed her civilization to all quarters of the globe; but must conclude, from observation, that where she has failed to receive from two to four-fold in return, she would immediately withdraw. Self-interest, the most powerful energy of all nations, is peculiarly energetic in the English nation.

CHAPTER XXII.

A SUNDAY IN BROOKLYN ON MY RETURN FROM EUROPE—AT THE MORNING SERVICE AT PLYMOUTH CHURCH—AT THE TABERNACLE DURING THE EVENING SERVICE OF DR. TALMAGE.

BROOKLYN is the largest suburb of New York City, and is the place of residence of a very large portion of the business men of New York. It abounds in all parts with elegant mansions, the abodes of the wealthy, who transact business on Manhattan Island during the day and return to domiciles here at night and on Sabbath. The numerous facilities for crossing the East River, which separates Brooklyn and New York, indicate the importance of the two cities the one to the other.

Brooklyn contains over 400,000 inhabitants; live, energetic, and highly intelligent people, most of whom are thoroughly church-going.

Through the kindness of a friend I obtained admission to the gallery at the morning service of Plymouth Church. After the usual prelimi-

naries by the choir, etc., the pastor appeared, still in the full vigor of manhood, and by the magnetism of his person, the dignity of his manner, the brilliancy of his rhetoric, and the beauty and simplicity of his style, held his congregation of 5,000 enthralled until the benediction was pronounced. It was a rich and rare mental and moral feast to one raised on the frontier.

In the evening, through the same friend, I likewise secured a seat in Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle. The building is arranged in the form of an amphitheater. The organ, one of the finest in America, is in the rear of the pulpit. Immediately under the canopy is a gas-light in the form of a beautiful star. A tabernacle song-book was handed to every person in the congregation, amounting to fully 5,000.

Not accustomed to singing myself, of course this was accepted as an act of courtesy. Soon Mr. Arbuckle with his cornet appeared in front of the pastor and commenced a solo, which was followed by the thundering tones of the organ, and when the chorus was reached the whole congregation joined in the singing. The room became so filled with soul-inspiring music that I almost forgot my existence, and suddenly found myself joining in the flood of song.

In the West some ministers find it difficult to get the congregation, or any part thereof, to join with the choir, that select body alone having to do the singing ; but if some such plan as that of Talmage were adopted, congregational singing would follow as a natural sequence. The pastor could not stop it, no more than he could that of a river running down a hill. Congregational singing, under such circumstances, is just as natural as for a wheel to turn when the power is applied.

I think the doctor understands the philosophy of utilizing forces, and bringing them to bear for moral purposes, as well, if not better than any man I ever saw.

At the conclusion of the singing, Dr. Talmage delivered one of his short, terse, and forcible sermons, such as he is accustomed to preach, with telling effect ; at the conclusion of which the congregation dispersed to their several places of abode, not forgetting, however, to talk about the sermon on the way.

On Thursday evening, January 7th, I left Jersey City on the Pennsylvania Railroad for my home in Plymouth, Indiana. Taking supper in Philadelphia, Pa., I immediately after retired to my berth in the commodious sleeper, and fell into a

slumber which was neither disturbed by accident nor dreams until Altoona was announced next morning, and twenty minutes allotted for breakfast. Dinner was had in Pittsburg, and the afternoon occupied in social conversation with some explanations as to my trip across the water. In the evening supper was announced at Crestline, and on leaving the car a passenger remarked:

“Why, how cold it appears to be; I think we must have had a sudden change!”

To me it did seem very cold, and upon inquiring, I found the mercury to be 21° below zero. This was forty degrees colder than I had experienced before.

Supper ended, I was again on the cars for Plymouth. The little nervous agitation produced by the pleasurable anticipation of reaching home in a few hours, banished all inclinations to sleep; hence the remainder of the journey was mainly occupied in conversation until Plymouth was announced, and, with satchel in hand, I soon reached my humble domicile, and rang the bell. A voice I recognized to be that of my wife, inquired:

“Who’s there?”

And when informed that it was her husband who sought an entrance at that hour of the

night, the door was opened, and I permitted to walk in.

"Home at last," said I.

There is no use talking, the poet understood himself when he wrote :

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble,
There is no place like home."

Having tired the reader with this somewhat lengthy narration, and trusting that the perusal thereof will reward him for his pains, I bid him adieu !

FULL LIST OF PASSENGERS ABOARD THE "RUSSIA," NOVEMBER 18, 1874, BOUND FOR LIVERPOOL.

Mr. Vincente L. Casares,	Buenos Ayres.
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Miss Ada White,	" "
Miss Eva White,	" "
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Capt. P. Walker.	
Mr. A. S. Rosenbaum, . . .	New York City.
Col. O. W. Peabody and wife, .	" "
Mrs. Chas. D. Hemans and maid.	
Mr. Charles C. Marsh.	
Mr. Emerson Rhodes.	
Miss Harding and maid.	
Mr. E. S. Baker.	

Maj. Arth. Blennerhasset Leech, Ireland.
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Mr. T. B. Coddington.
Mr. Marshall O. Roberts, . . . New York City.
Rev. D. Mellor.
Mr. Thomas Barnes.
Mr. John Crossley, M.P., . . . Sheffield, England.
Mr. and Mrs. Justin P. Kellogg.
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wilkinson.
Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Lawrence, two } children and maid, New York City.
Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, and Mas- } ter Fairchild, New York City.
Mr. J. E. Raymond.
Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Livingston.
Mr. James T. Woodward.
Miss Eliza C. Walker.
Miss Bigelow.
Mr. Wm. Scully.
Mr. G. W. Turner.
Mr. Charles Bloomfield.
MR. JOHN S. BENDER, . . . Plymouth, Indiana.
Mr. Kulakowski, . . . St. Petersburg, Russia.
Mr. Lewis H. Polak, . . . London, England.
Mr. R. Hardy.
Mr. Isaac W. How.
Mr. J. O. Bartholomew.
Mrs. W. Heath, two children and
maid.
Mrs. Swan.
Two Misses Potter, . . . Toronto, Canada.
Mr. P. H. McGill. . . . Baltimore, Md.
Mr. and Mrs. W. Wetmore Cry- } der, two children, two infants, New York City.
nurse, and maid-servants,

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Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Kissam.

Mr. David Chadwick, M.P., . . . London, England.

Mr. George W. Egleston.

Mr. and Mrs. T. P. L. Goddard.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Nelson Slatter.

Mr. and Mrs. Waterhouse.

Rev. Dr. Hague.

Mr. P. F. Rose.

Mr. Alfred C. Harrison.

Mr. Herbert M. Howe.

Mr. Richard A. Potter.

Mr. George Duncan.

Miss Pauline Leveque.

Mr. J. V. Carpenter.

Mr. J. L. Townsend, Jr., . . . New York City.

Mr. Rheam.

Mr. Sneath.

Mrs. Shorey and child.

Mr. Burr.

Mr. E. Nostrand, New York City.

Mr. J. K. Collett.

Mr. W. G. Gardner.

Mrs. M. A. Richards, child & maid.

Miss Hutchins.

Mr. Robert Ferguson.

Mr. R. C. Hooper.

Mr. George Hopkins.

Mr. W. J. McDelaney.

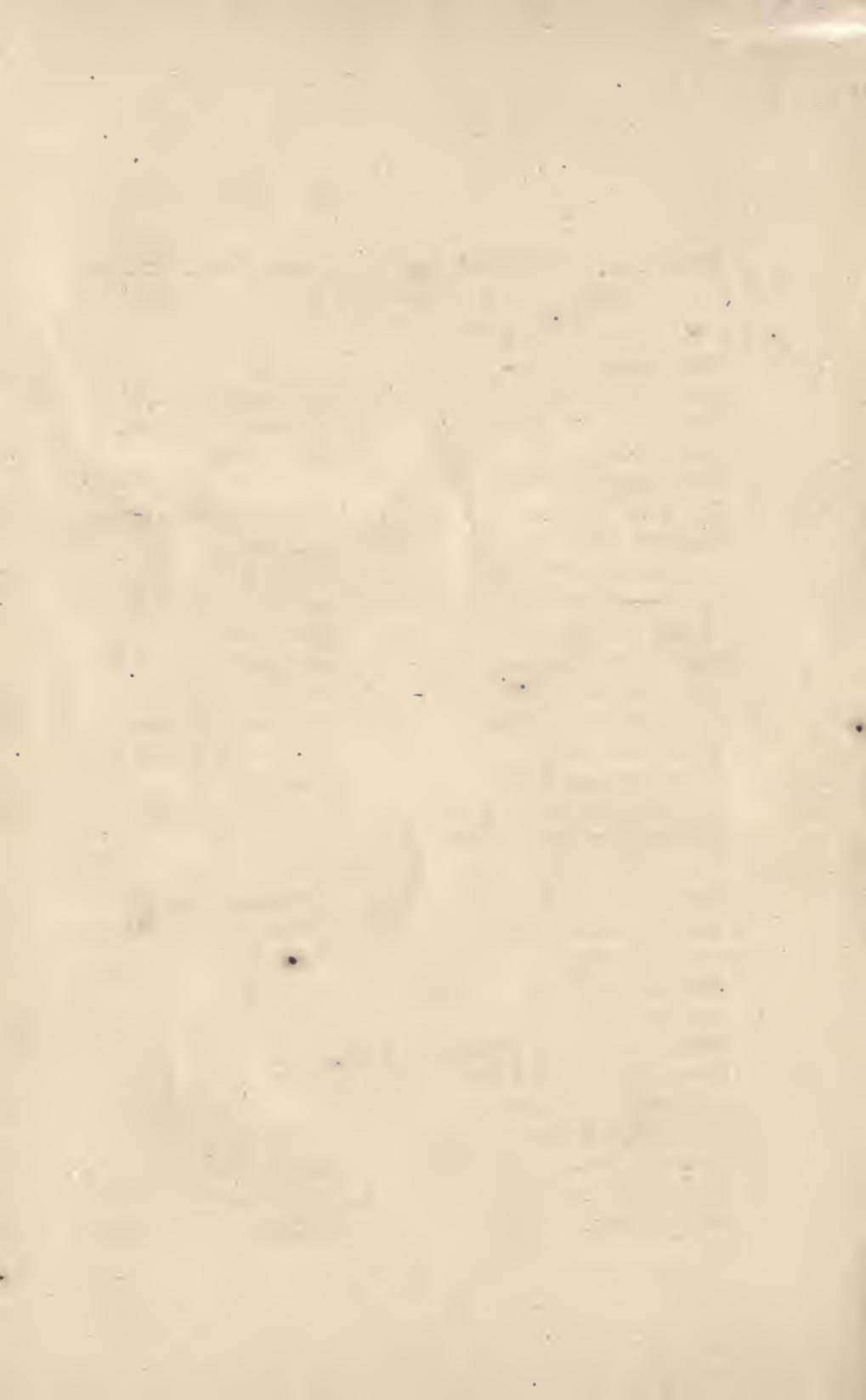
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ballard.

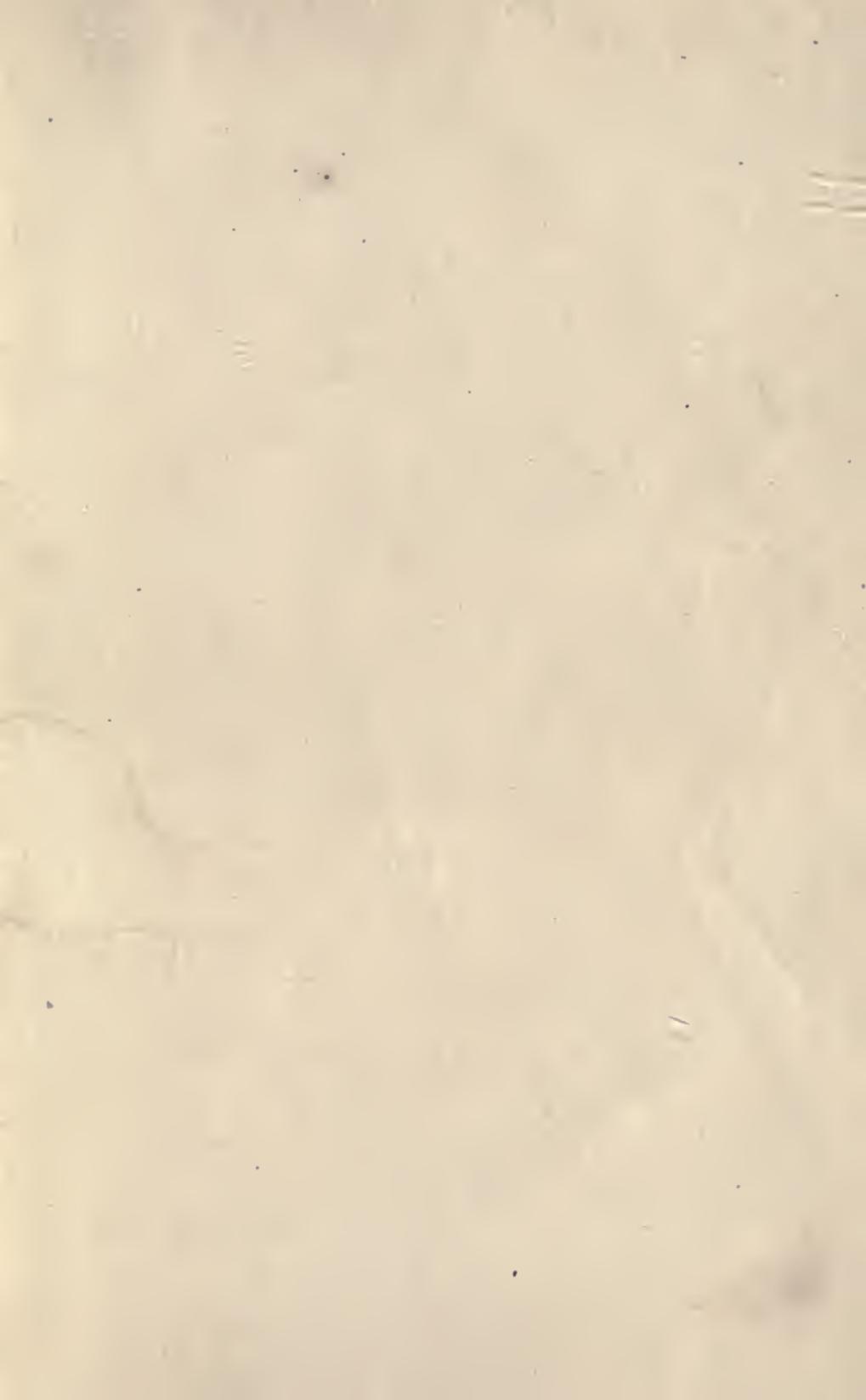
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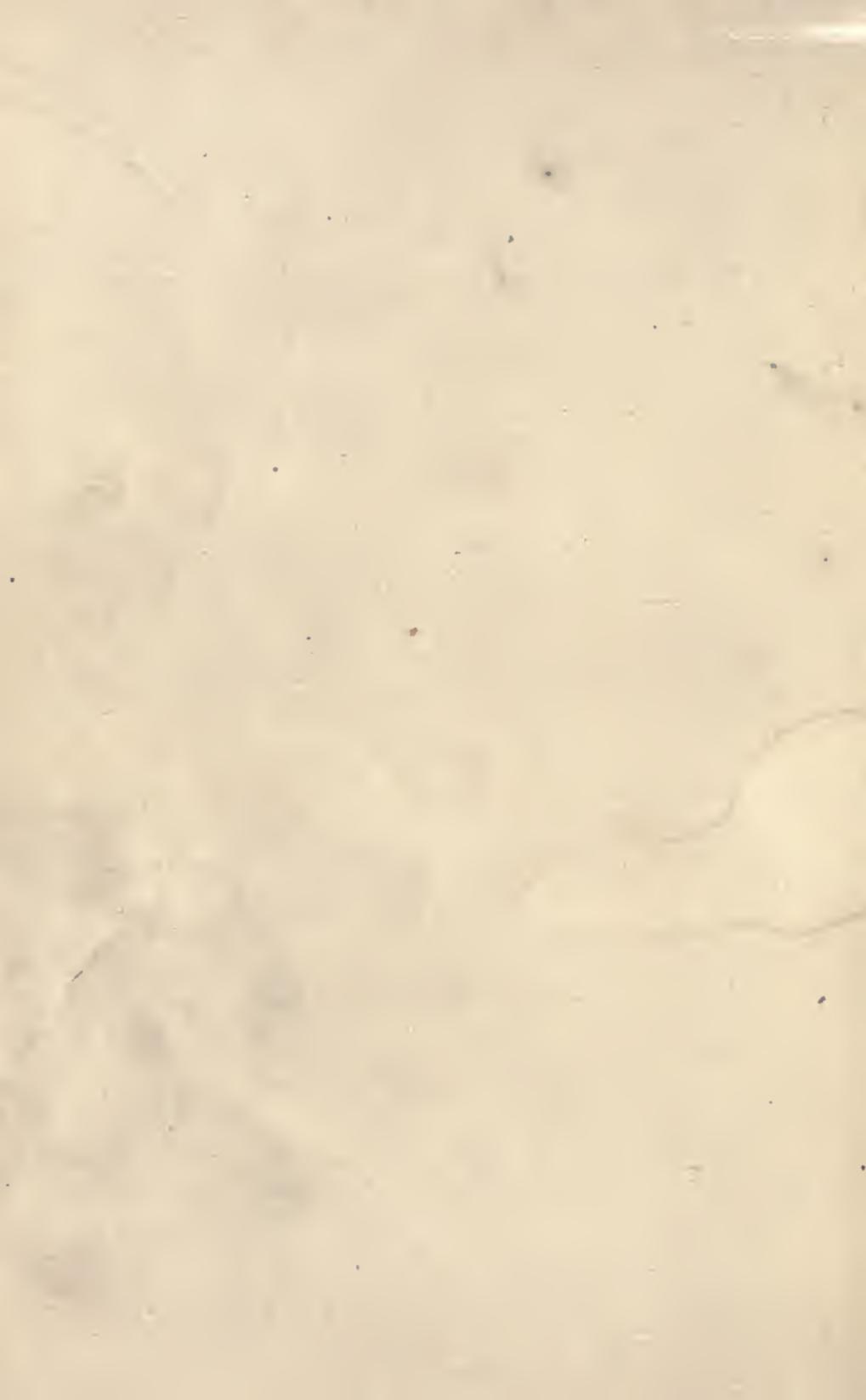
Mr. Wm. Parker, Hobart, Indiana.

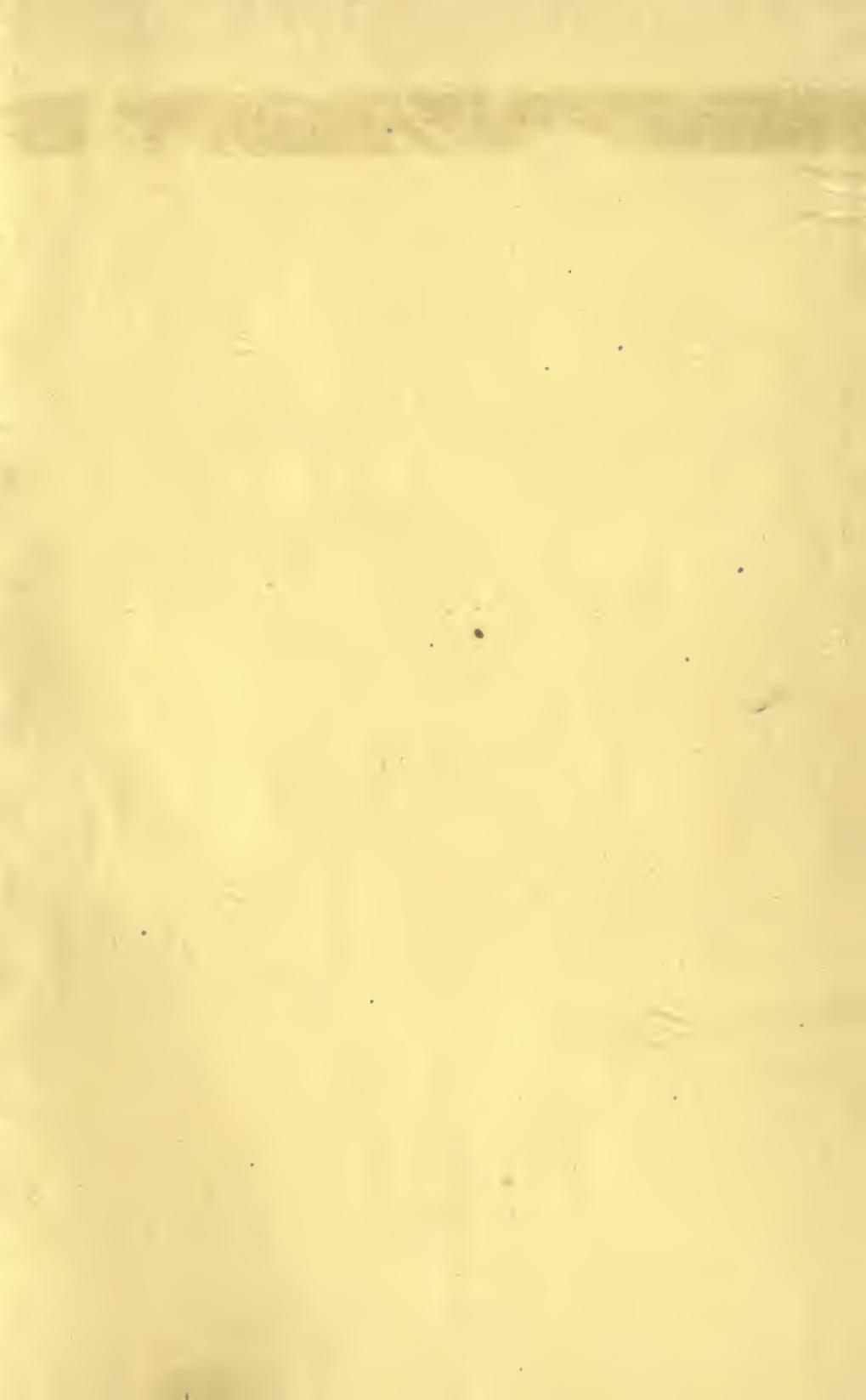
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DECEMBER 19, 1874.

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MR. JOHN S. BENDER,	.	.	Plymouth, Indiana.
Mr. N. Bliss,	.	.	New York.
Mr. George N. Bliss,	.	.	"
Mr. Wm. Bragge,	.	.	Sheffield, England.
Mr. and Mrs. Broadish, Master	.	.	
Broadish, and maid.	.	.	New York.
Mrs. Jessie Clayburn,	.	.	Islington, London.
Mr. B. Cohen,	.	.	New York.
Mr. Charles Cowen,	.	.	Bergen Point, N. J.
Dr. F. H. Foster,	.	.	Chicago, Ill.
Mr. Thomas Geddes,	.	.	Marshall, Scotland.
Mr. Austin Gray,	.	.	Fifth Ave. Hotel, N. Y.
Mr. Geo. Hamilton.			
Mr. Chas. Heaton,	.	.	Stroudsburg, Pa.
Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hopkins.			
Mr. D. MacInnes.			
Mr. J. Morrison,	.	.	London, England.
Mr. J. P. Marquand,	.	.	55 Mt. Vernon, Boston.
Mr. E. Nostrand,	.	.	New York.
Mr. A. Openhym,	.	.	" "
Mr. M. Phillip,	.	.	City of Mexico.
Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Pyle, and child.			
Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Rodman, two	.	.	
children and nurse,	.	.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mr. and Mrs. David Ripley,	.	.	Newark, N. Y.
Mr. and Mrs. Paul Sgobel,	.	.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mr. J. M. Sheeten,	.	.	San Francisco, Cal.
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